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Vol. 20 No. 10

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ELIZABETH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

When Elizabeth Williamson was seven years old she told almost everyone who met her that she was going to be an air stewardess. By ten, her mother had even made her a scaled-down uniform, and she would serve drinks dressed in it when visitors called. At 15, her careers officer told her about training schemes. Now she is 19, which airline did she choose to work for? 'None of them,' said Elizabeth. It wasn't that her face, 36-24-35 figure, or personality weren't up to it. It was just that Elizabeth discovered she had one fatal flaw for an air stewardess. She just can't stand heights.

'I didn't realise until I actually went in a plane on a school trip when I was 18,' Elizabeth told us. 'The whole class was saying that I'd look after them. Then when we took off . . . I was petrified!' So Elizabeth was forced to look for a land-based job near her home town of Leeds. With her elegant looks and figure, it wasn't long before she found one. She is a hostess in a highly sophisticated night club. 'It's just like being a stewardess without the flying,' said Elizabeth. 'I serve drinks, chat to the guests, and show them to their seats. But instead of a uniform, I wear long evening dresses and lots of jewellery.' But she is sharply indignant if anyone suggests that she provides anything more than light conversation. 'Our guests are not there looking for women,' she insisted. 'They are there for a quiet drink, possibly a gamble, and see me as a member of staff. That is all there is to it.'

Elizabeth's work keeps her busy until the early hours of the morning, so these days she is practically nocturnal. 'It has a very odd effect on my social life,' she told us. 'I go out *before* work. Mind you it's the perfect excuse for getting rid of unwanted men – "I'm sorry, darling, I have to get to work."' But what about the men she actually wants? 'Most get used to it. Though it takes time for them to remember to say, "Let's spend the day together."' For fun, it's not surprising that Elizabeth chooses to avoid clubs of all sorts. Instead she likes long drives in the country, and her silver Metro Turbo can be seen belting through the Yorkshire Moors, the sun roof open when the weather allows. It's also a chance to dress more casually. 'I feel almost dowdy without the sequins,' Elizabeth joked. 'But it is also great to escape from today's freaky Madonna-look make-up.'

Pauline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

For those of you who imagine that the life of an English *au pair* living on the French Riviera is one long holiday, Pauline Christopher would like to speak from experience. 'You're perfectly right. Other than driving a snow plough in the Bahamas, I can't think of an easier way to earn a living,' our lucky 20-year-old admitted gleefully. 'The snag is that I'll only be out here for a year. After that I'm going to get down to hard work training to be a physiotherapist.' Until then she is happy tanning her sexy 36-24-35 a beautiful golden brown.

Pauline is looking after the children of a wealthy French financier who lives in the exclusive resort of Juan Les Pins. 'The children are two boys aged three and four, and they're quite a handful. So whenever possible I take them down to the beach to tire themselves out. I love children so it is more like fun than work. And the lifestyle is so incredible, cocktails round the pool before dinner. It'll be tough going home and moving into a rented flat.' Pauline was lucky enough to get the job through a business colleague of her father's. 'I did one stint as an *au pair* in Paris last year but didn't stay there long because they treated me like a skivvy from Upstairs, Downstairs.'

We couldn't resist asking Pauline if she had succumbed to the gallic charms of Frenchmen. 'They are very romantic, and when they turn on all the flattery it is hard to resist them. But I must admit I do tend to prefer the English male. After all, it is a little disconcerting going out with a chap who puts on more perfume than you do.' Even so, Pauline thinks we in England have something to learn from the French. 'I love being treated like a lady. All the little things like having doors opened for you, or men standing up when you walk in the room. I know a lot of Englishmen do that too, but in France it is second nature to everyone.' In her free time Pauline enjoys painting watercolours of the surrounding landscapes.

Henrietta

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

It might be hard to imagine but for a number of years it was not the face or the figure of 21-year-old Henrietta Weeks that got her noticed, but her smell. Henrietta was a sales representative for a beauty product company, and was forced to wear whatever cosmetic they were promoting at the time.'Some of the perfumes were a little pungent,' recalled Henrietta, known to her friends as 'Henry' 'but I managed to sell my quota.' Henry says she got her job through 'smouldering' – a remark that requires some explanation. 'I'd heard that the sales manager was a real fifties film fan, and loved the screen stars of that era,' she said. 'So I made myself up to look like a cross between Brigitte Bardot and Diana Dors as she was then. I just sat in his office, and looked him deep in the eyes. It worked.' What's more her 'smouldering'good looks helped sell a large number of beauty products, and has now launched her into a modelling career. 'I'm sure the eighties are ready for another sex kitten,' she said, more Bardot like than ever.

Even if some of her perfumes were a little overpowering, Henrietta enjoyed her selling days. 'I loved meeting all those people – some were real rascals,' she said with a laugh. 'One had a preoccupation with my cleavage. He used to spend his time trying to drop his biro down it.' With a sale always in the forefront of her mind she would occasionally let him. 'I had streaks of ink in the most unlikely places,' Henrietta giggled. That was not the only indignity her 35-24-36 figure has had to suffer. 'When we sold face packs, I was plastered in everything from Fullers Earth to yoghurt every day,' Henrietta smiled. Modelling is a less messy occupation.

But Henrietta's smouldering sex kitten image has not just been an advantage professionally. When she has time free to enjoy herself in her home town of Leicester, she has no problem in attracting men. 'I suppose I'm a natural flirt,' Henrietta admitted. 'I love eye contact, and that first stage of a relationship where you seem to spend hours just staring deeply at one another. I found being photographed quite easy. I can even flirt with a camera lens.' What sort of man does she choose to flirt with? 'Practically anyone, though I do find myself being turned on by men with deep brown eyes – you know, the sort you seem to fall into . . .' Do her relationships ever get beyond the 'staring stage'? 'Oh yes! But you wouldn't want to hear about that . . .'

Any further questioning about her sex life is greeted with that familiar deep stare that has nervous men fidgetting and looking away. 'If you really want to know,' she said eventually, 'I like foreplay best. Exploring each other's bodies is a lot of fun, and I know a lot of men who can do more with their lips and tongues than any other part of their anatomy.' Another lingering look follows her frank outburst, then she smiles.'Some of them must have tongues like ant eaters.' Any suggestions of her settling down with one of them is greeted with a mocking laugh. 'Whatever for? It's not even a good tax move.' One thing is for certain, she has no intention of returning to selling cosmetics. 'This is much more fun.'

MAYFAIR'S

GIRL OF THE MONTH

HENRIETTA WEEKS

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
HENRIETTA WEEKS

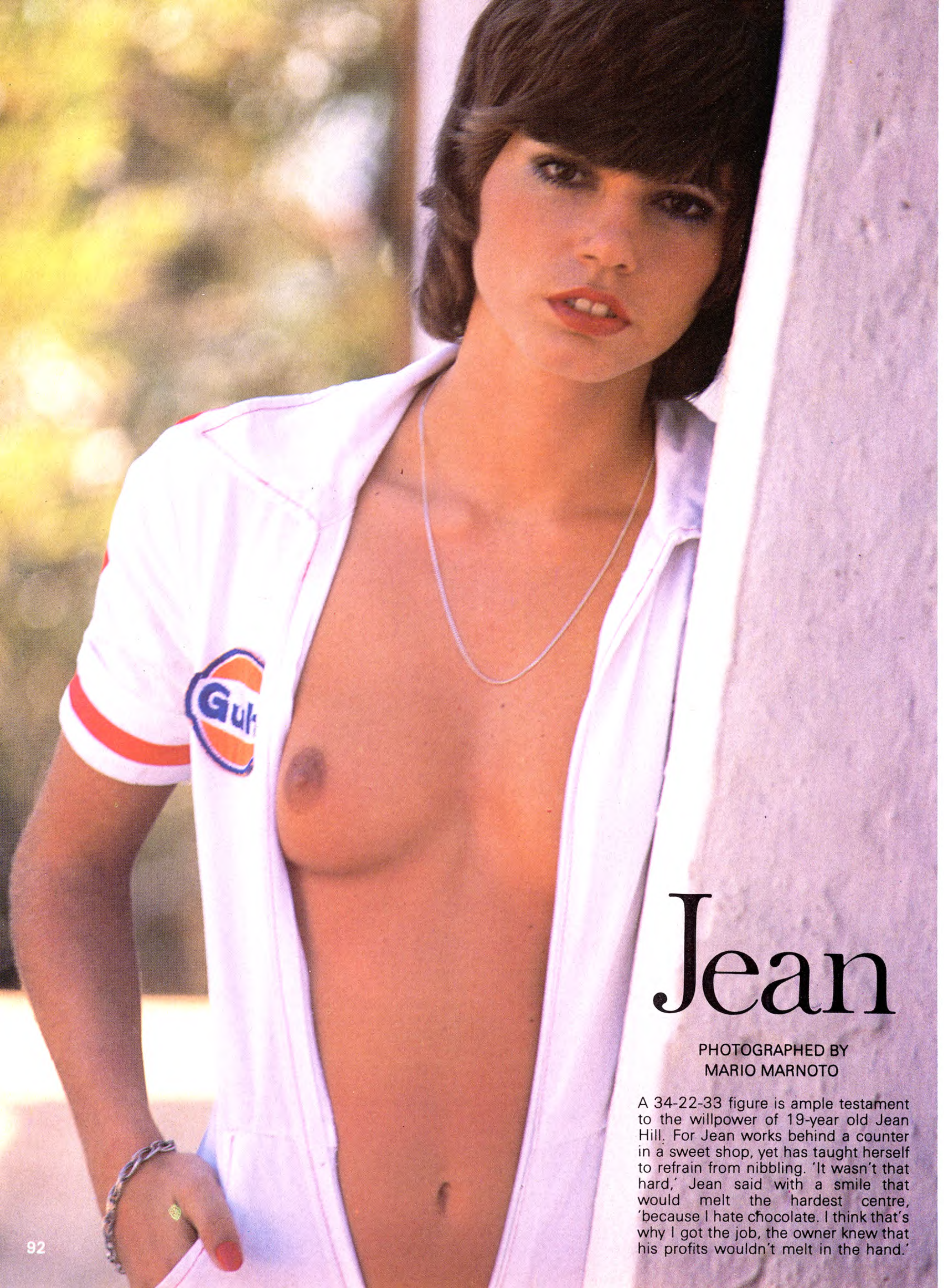
Mary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL MOORE

Mary Donaldson's sultry looks and pert 35-24-34 figure might seem familiar to you. After all, our sexy 23-year-old is not the type you would forget easily. But if you have seen her before it is more likely to be in the smokey back room of a pub rather than the sun-drenched Mediterranean beach where our photos were taken. Mary is an up and coming comedienne on the new cabaret circuit, doing the rounds of pubs and clubs all over the London area. 'The new cabaret scene is a way of exposing novel acts and ideas to people cheaply and without all the corny show-biz rigmarole. It is mainly aimed at young people and fills a gap left by the telly which is always so safe and predictable,' Mary explained to us.

Mary, who lives in a North London bedsit, has always been fascinated by comedy, and got the idea of performing herself after going along to various cabarets. 'I don't tell jokes, but prefer a sort of comic patter, just chatting about my experiences with men and so on, as if I was talking with friends in the pub. I won't elaborate, but believe me, a single girl in London soon gathers more than enough material for a comedy routine.' In the world of humour, Mary's all-time favourites are Max Miller, the Marx Brothers and Lenny Bruce. 'But on the cabaret circuit my favourite is a comedian called Johnny Immaterial. I've seen him perform many times, and he always has me in stitches. Mary would one day like to make comedy her career, but is realistic about that. 'There are so many people with much more talent than me struggling to make a living. You have to be very lucky to succeed, and my problem is that I look so serious people tend not to believe me when I say I'm a comedienne. So I'll have to carry on with my typing and shorthand until I get my own TV show.'

When she is not performing, Mary is the home-loving type. 'I haven't been to a disco in years, and I must be one of the few females in the country who doesn't like dancing. To be honest, I have two left feet.' Her idea of a perfect evening is a dinner party with a few close friends, and plenty of wine. 'I'm quite a good cook if I do say so myself, and enjoy experimenting with recipes from foreign countries, although it's not easy getting hold of the ingredients. For example a friend bought me an Arabic cookbook which has some fascinating dishes. But my local Safeways doesn't stock sheeps eyes. I needed some to see me through the weekend. Boom, boom.'



Jean

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARIO MARNOTO

A 34-22-33 figure is ample testament to the willpower of 19-year old Jean Hill. For Jean works behind a counter in a sweet shop, yet has taught herself to refrain from nibbling. 'It wasn't that hard,' Jean said with a smile that would melt the hardest centre, 'because I hate chocolate. I think that's why I got the job, the owner knew that his profits wouldn't melt in the hand.'

But Jean is the first to admit she's not all sweetness and light. Men with an eye for her had better watch out as she is currently learning kung fu at her south London evening class. 'Being slight, I've always had a secret desire to push men about,' Jean laughed. 'At school I was always being bullied. One boy used to say my legs looked like match sticks with all the wood shaved off. I hope he sees this.' These days the boys are much more appreciative of her figure, especially when she wears short skirts in the shop. 'The kids in my area grow up pretty fast,' she claimed. 'I've had cheeky proposals from 10-year-olds.' Jean s preference though is for older men. 'I like guys who've seen a bit of the world,' she told us. 'Only then do I let them see all of me.'

MIRANDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

When you talk to Miranda Hobbs, and first hear her lilting north eastern accent it's easy to commit a terrible *faux pas*. It's one that 25-year-old Miranda will chastise you for immediately. 'Don't call me a Geordie!' she insists, and rightly so. Miranda is from Sunderland, and as such is a Wearsider, not a Tynesider, and although the untrained southern ear may not detect the difference in dialect, it is one they are proud of. 'All Londoners think I'm from Newcastle,' says Miranda who now lives in Ealing, and is touchy about accent. Not surprisingly as she is something of a linguistics expert. Would you believe that she speaks three foreign languages?

Miranda is fluent in French, German and Spanish, which she learned at her Sunderland comprehensive, and hopes to visit those and a host of other countries. She admits to having itchy feet, though she now prefers London to her north eastern birthplace. Her 36-24-35 figure can be seen most frequently at *Stringfellows*. 'I love disco dancing, and always stay until they close in the early hours of the morning'. Miranda also keeps fit with a game of ice hockey. 'It's very rough, but not so bad when girls are playing, and I really love it'. If Miranda chooses to stay in London, she will join the ranks of many successful Sunderlanders. 'James Bolam is from there,' she told us, 'and Dave Stewart of The Eurythmics. And I don't suppose they like being called Geordies either,' Miranda added with a grin. Gentlemen of the south, you've been warned.

SCENE

We've always prided ourselves on our ability to spot a pretty girl with talent, and this month we've done it again. Almost as soon as we had made plans to bring you full frontal pictures of Stephanie Beacham, star of *Connie*, the newspapers were full of stories of her being chosen to appear in the new *Dynasty* spin-off. In *The Colbys of California*, as the new US television series will be called, she will be playing alongside such great names as Charlton Heston and Barbara Stanwyck. Her role will be the new 'superbitch', similar to Joan Collins part in the original series. Ironically *Superbitch* is also the title of the film from which our pictures were taken (see page 20). But if you were proud of spotting her talent in *Connie, Mayfair's* editor can go one better. He knew she would be a star back in 1978. He saw her in *An Audience Called Edouard* at the Greenwich Theatre. The play based around the Manet painting *Dejeuner sur L'herbe*, contained a scene in which she bent forward dressed in a low-cut, loose-fitting shift. The glimpse down her cleavage proved unexpectedly revealing. To his surprise, he saw her pubes! It was the first time he had ever seen pubic hair on stage, and from the most unexpected angle. Later she shed the shift altogether, and appeared bare. Before you get too jealous, turn to page 20.

Many readers have written in to compliment Gerald Rawling on his feature on the Dieppe raid in Vol 20 No 9. Many asked how he managed to acquire the information for such an accurate account. The answer is that as well as being a keen amateur historian, Rawling was almost involved at first hand. 'I was a Flak Ship gunnery officer, and was posted to LCF2, one of the ships in the raid,' he told us. 'But at the last minute the draft chit was cancelled as she was going to be involved in a "do". This turned out to be Dieppe, and the ship never returned.' Rawling could well have been one of the 800 British casualties in the raid. Later he did take part in the Salerno landings which were pretty nasty as well. 'At the end of one very hectic day, I turned to one of the Oerlikon gunners on LDF5, and said, "Christ! That was something wasn't it?"' recalled Rawling. 'The gunner looked at me gravely and said, "Pretty rough, sir. But you should have been at Dieppe." Quite a put-down.'

Letters have also flooded in praising Andrew Morland for his amazing photography in *Come Fly the Schneider*, the feature on the air race in Vol 20 No 9. His spectacular air-to-air shots thrilled a lot of you, but Andrew says that he was so busy that the may not have had time to thank those who made them possible properly. So to Derek Simpson of CDS and his Piper Cessna, Andrew sends his regards, and says that he has just about recovered from the $3\frac{1}{2}$g turns.

Why do you never see girls as attractive as the ones in *Mayfair*? That's a common complaint from readers, but the answer is that you just can't be looking hard enough. This week alone brought calls to our office from two girls who are not only as attractive but identical to girls we have featured. One girl in Wales says that she is not only the living image of Amber, the Torquay model, from Vol 20 No 8, but has the same 37-24-34 figure and hobbies. Apparently, the girl goes away for weekends, and friends have been joking that she has been stripping off in Torquay. Another girl who's been in for some teasing works in a club in Gants Hill, London. She returned from holiday, the day her look-alike, model Pauline Mason appeared in Vol 20 No 9. You can imagine what the staff thought she had been up to while she was away. Neither of the girls are the models in *Mayfair*, though if they are as attractive as their published counterparts, we'd love to hear from them.

COME ALIVE WITH No. 5

After four you demanded more, so we are proud to announce that *Best of Mayfair No 5* will be at your local newsagent from October 2. It costs just £1.95, and has 196 pages crammed with all the best in girls, features, fiction and our own special brand of humour. PLUS as an added bonus we are featuring Britain's top model and TV star Samantha Fox in some of the most revealing poses ever seen of her, some of which have never been published before. So make a note to get your copy.

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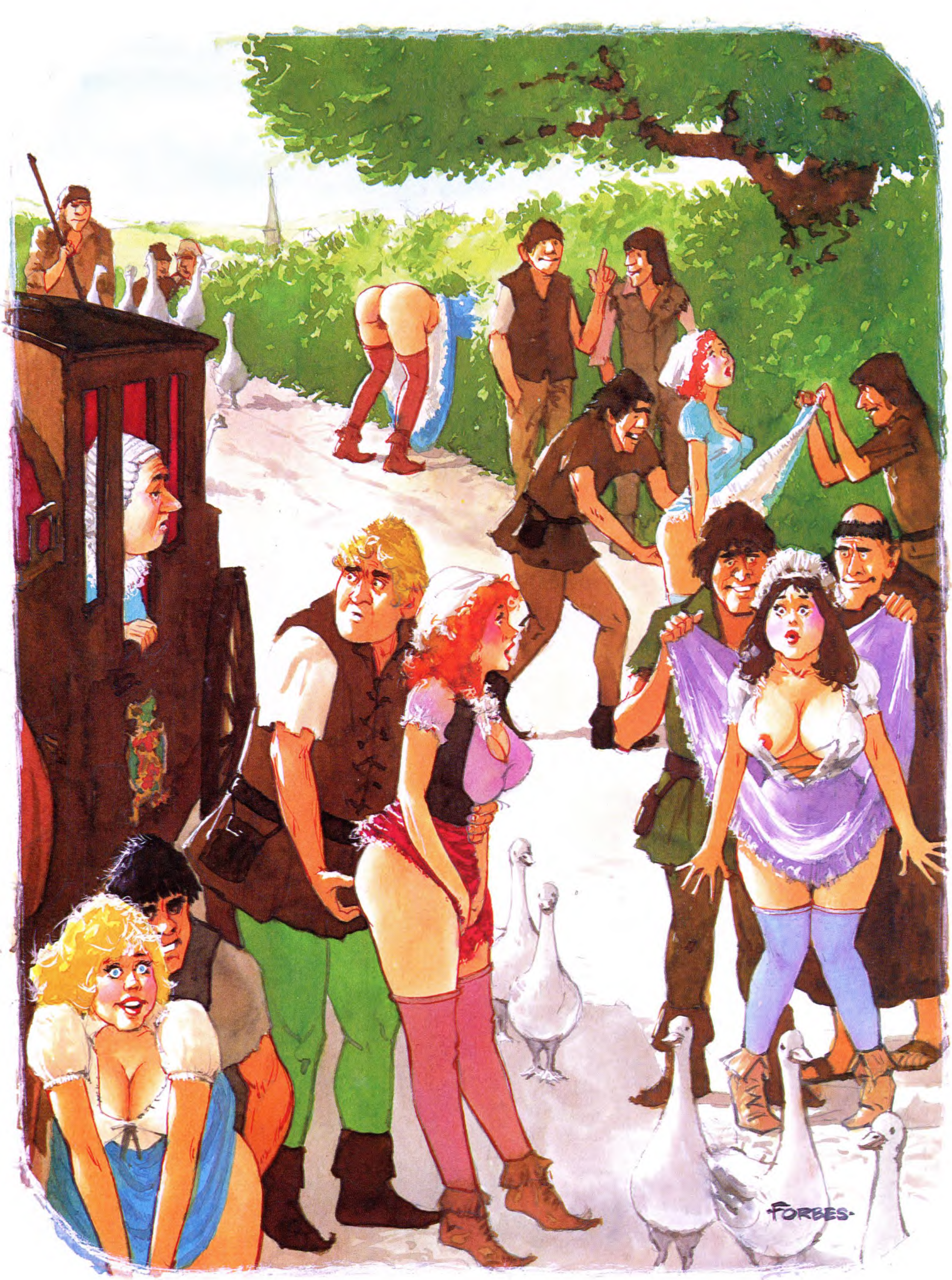
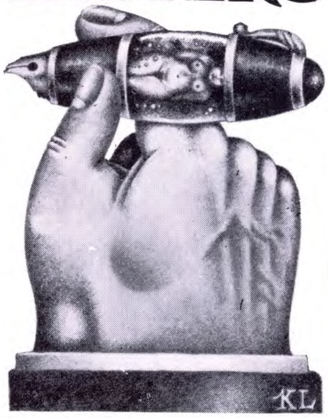


'Prithee, bumpkin! Am I on the right road for the Nottingham Goose Fair?'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair*. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I must compliment you on that hilarious feature on the Holiday Wally. I can recall all too easily occasions when these hideous mutations have frequented the beach.

The most memorable incident centered around a young dairy farmer we called Giles. This human vegetable climbed onto a small outcrop of rock reached by a rocky causeway leading to the sandy Spanish beach. Once up on the summit of the rock, Giles proceeded to sing Rule Britannia, and pretended to launch numerous ships.

Meanwhile the tide came in, and cut him off from the shore. Of course Giles couldn't swim, but that small detail didn't stop him throwing himself fifteen feet into foaming waters.

Everyone on the beach was screaming with laughter as a kind volunteer dragged a choking Giles onto the sand.

P Williams, Tenterden

Every so often you produce a truly memorable cover such as Vol 18 No 9 with that delicious rear view of a totally nude girl riding a bicycle along the beach, with her beautiful suntanned bottom resting lightly on the saddle as she gazes along the seashore. And I'm sure I won't be the only one praising the cover of Vol 20 No 8 with that stunning young lady slipping out of her soaking wet white dress, revealing her curvaceous behind so tantalisingly.

As for the rest of the issue, Debbie Jordan left me speechless. I've drooled over her in other magazines before, but I've never seen a set of photographs which show off her truly amazing body so perfectly. The sight of those unbelievable 34DD boobs jutting through her torn fishnet body stocking is one of the most arousing sights I've ever seen in any men's magazine.

I must also thank you for responding so willingly to readers' requests to see their favourite girls again. Thanks specially for a third helping of the gorgeous Angie Lyn. Here's my own list of favourites for a *Mayfair* encore: Beth Mann in Vol 15 No 4, the adorable Debbie Coats who appeared in Vol 15 No 5, at the age of 16, and the one and only Jan Fairbrother.

A Casey, Paignton

And before any other readers write in, we will not be auctioning the saddle used on that cover.

Having bought a copy of Vol 20 No 9, and thoroughly enjoyed your wonderful set of Lynette Gordon, I was quite incensed by the report on the front page of *The Mirror*, saying that poor Lynette would be banned from amateur gymnastics as a result of posing nude.

What a terrible twisted world we live in. Our cinemas and TV screens are overflowing with sickening gratuitous violence in the name of public entertainment, and yet when a beautiful girl like Lynette bares her charms making thousands even happier, they ban her from her sport, and make her feel so bad that she feels the need to apologise. It's crazy and unfair, and makes me so angry.

Thank you for bringing us the set, and I particularly enjoyed the story that went with it. Let's hope that the ban on Lynette is lifted pretty soon.

JL Williams, Cardiff

Reports of Lynette's 'ban' were slightly exaggerated. Lynette gave up gymnastics two years ago, so any 'ban' would not really be applicable. However we agree with your sentiments.

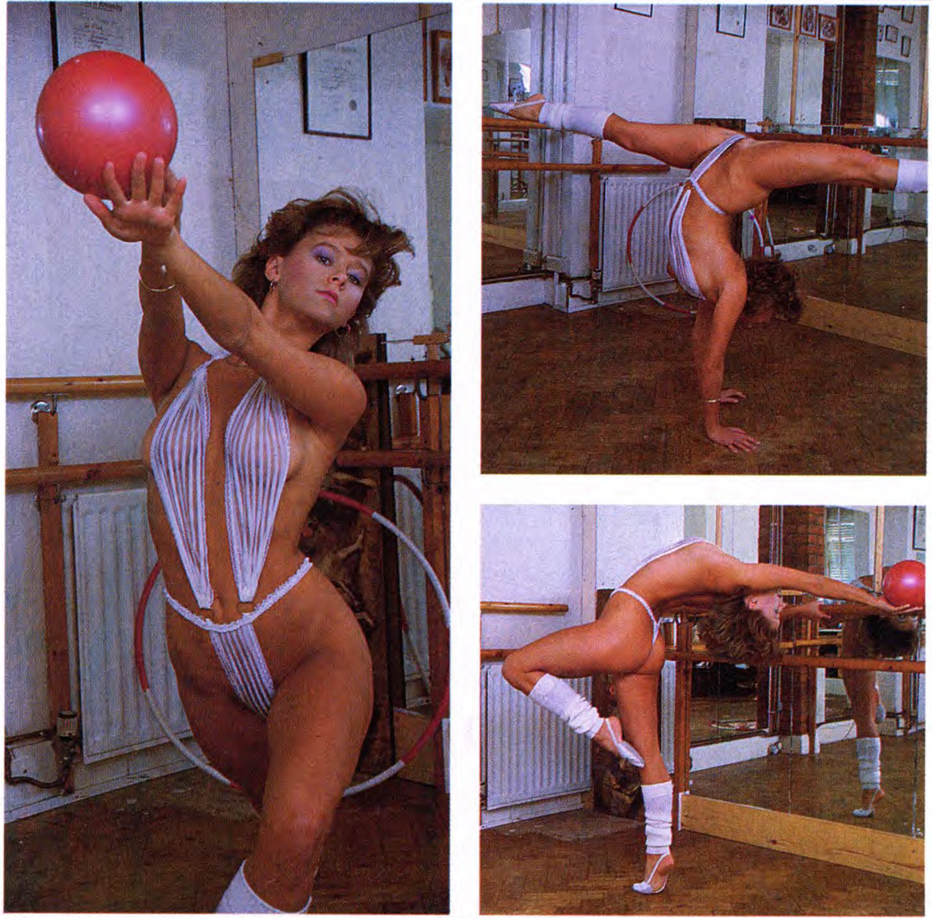
I was very interested in Gerald Cole's article, When the Great Stars Stripped for the Screen in Vol 20 No 4, although my interest was purely professional. I would like to correct a couple of minor points as far as the feature was concerned. Vanessa Redgrave wasn't seen topless in *Blow Out*, the title of the film was *Blow Up*, and the only time she was seen topless was from the rear which surely doesn't count. *Blow Out*, however, is certainly a film worth checking out for the opening in which the camera prowls around a girls' college, and discovers several young ladies in various stages of undress.

Brigitte Bardot did not bare herself in *And God Created Woman*, except when lying prone on the ground with the camera at such a low angle that only the outline of her nude rear is visible.

The first film in the article is *Au Pair Girls* in which Gabrielle Drake (of *Crossroads*) shows that she possesses more than mere acting ability. She is completely nude, and for more than just a brief moment.

Mr Cole also mentions *The Stud* where Joan Collins is seen topless. But he fails to note that this same film also includes similar revelations from Sue Lloyd who at the time the article was published also had a

turn to page 104



Champion gymnast Lynette Gordon who hit the national headlines after appearing in Vol 20 No 9.

LETTERS

continued from page 9

leading role in *Crossroads.* In other words, here *Dynasty* meets *Crossroads.*

These films are amongst the 150 movies which are featured in my book *The Voyeur's Guide to the Movies* which is being published by Futura.

Tom Peep, Futura Books

Thank you for these scholarly observations. By the way, how's your sister Bo?

As a girl watcher of many years standing, may I make an impassioned plea on behalf of all worshippers of the glorious female form for a return to the good old days of the 'pin up girl'. The photos featured in your rival magazines seek to portray beautiful women in erotic poses, but alas fail miserably. Why should that be, you may well ask? Simply because they leave nothing to the imagination. There is nothing left concealed, nothing mysteriously hidden.

When one opens some magazines today a chainsawed gash is usually found sullenly glaring at you. A woman's vulva and labia is a delightfully practical organ as we all know, but it is hardly photogenic. I would venture to say that if that sort of thing appeals to you, then a book on human physiology from the reference library would be your best bet.

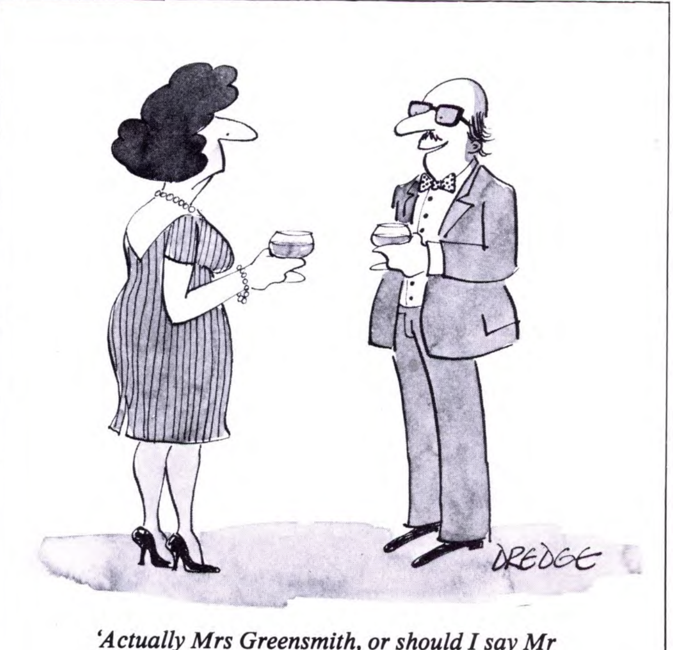
In the forties when I first became aware of the difference, there were no wide open shots like there are now. The pin-up pictures and girlie magazines (Beauty Parade USA was a good example) featured girls whose provocative poses were successful because they were essentially reticent; a view of her mons was not detracted from by her wearing curve-hugging knickers. In fact it was quite the contrary, specially if she was wearing a garter belt and stockings to heighten the visual impact.

On this premise I implore you to endeavour to put a little excitement and romance back in your pictures.

All that does not necessarily apply to breasts, however. I think that most males would agree that a female breast is a beautiful sight, preferably uncovered, but not always. After all in *The Outlaw* Jane Russell was covered up, but how gorgeous that tight low-cut dress looked.

O Jones, Auckland, New Zealand

Point taken, O J, but you can't enjoy a box of chocolates without unwrapping them.



'Actually Mrs Greensmith, or should I say Mr Greensmith, I am Dr Klinkl, inventor of a revolutionary pair of X-ray spectacles!'

Good grief, have you ever seen photos of those Russian housewives? They're built like tanks on a scale to match Mother Russia herself. And talk about massive breasts, some of them must be at least fifteen pounds apiece. I reckon a lot of those Russian ladies don't bother with bras either, they simply let them hang loose, rolling around like a couple of giant water melons. But if they have gargantuan breasts, what about their bums? The average Russian female arse must be at least the equivalent of two normal sized western arses. No corsets or girls either. They just wobble and bounce around completely out of control. Terrific.

My fantasy is to be screwed witless by a magnificent Russian woman, whom I shall call Tanya. As Tanya advances on my quivering flesh, she speaks ... 'Oh we Russian ladies know how to shag you western capitalist men. Ve do it good and proper, ya? You have nice secrets to tell your little Tanya, ya? You tell Tanya nice secrets, she give you plenty good screwing, ya?'

Without more ado, Tanya thrusts me down on the rusty iron bedstead. God what strength, I'd better do as she says. If she cuts up rough there's no telling what might happen. She slowly removes her whaleskin fur-lined pullover, and her stupendous breasts flop out like two great jelly puddings. How many Commisars have sucked upon those ripe nipples I wonder.

With a triumphant, 'Long live the proletariat,' Tanya leaps on top of me. In one fell swoop she rips off my winterweight clothing. Wrenching down my fur-lined Y-fronts, she grasps my bollocks. She's a bit hamfisted, but I reckon she knows the score all right. Tanya pulls on my prick like she' s milking a cow. It's getting nice and firm now.

'Oh,' says Tanya triumphantly, 'you big western boy. Now I fook you, ya?' I simply groan in reply. Siezing her chance, Tanya pounds up and down on my throbbing prick like a berserk steam-hammer, her massive breasts pumelling my face. Can the bed take it? Can my cock withstand such a furious workout?

'Ya,' grins the bouncing Tanya, 'you like my fook, no?'

'Oh, yes Tanya,' I gasp, 'you fook wonderful, ya.'

'You squirt now western capitalist man,' commands the ecstatic Tanya.

'Oh, ya, Tanya, I squirt now.'

Suddenly several mysterious men in fur hats burst into the room, flash bulbs blazing ... Then I wake up.

I Fox, Shoreham on Sea

We've sent this fascinating scenario along to John LeCarre who should be able to turn it into a bestseller. Perhaps, The Winkle Tailor Soldier Spy. And of course you have been reported to James Bond as a potential security leak.

As a shaven lady I would like to repond to recent letters regarding the pros and cons raised by male readers over the question of pubic hair on females.

I'd like to mention a few of the pros of shaving. It is best to start with the actual shave. My husband usually gives me mine, gentle electric shaving which does some wonderful things when it passes over the skin around my cunt. This is generally followed by a light talc and subtle massage, and finished off by us both being so roused that we have to make love. Afterwards I like to don beautiful silky sexy underwear, usually matching sets of bra, briefs, and suspenders. All day long that silk rubbing gently against my shaven pussy works aboslute wonders.

It appears that it is a real turn on for my man, too. He likes to see my protruding lips, and bury his face in the smooth crease, and enjoy the taste without the hair in his mouth. Take my word for it, without hair it is a very sensitive area to touch and feel.

In the past six years I have only once gone back to growing my pubes. But never again. With a regular morning touch-up (with the shaver of course) I have no soreness, no stubble and no hair, but a very good sex life.

I will remain a shaven maiden, I hope, until I am too old to enjoy a sensitive screw. I am 34 now so it could be a long while yet.

Mrs P E, Peterborough

Your husband is a lucky man, but we hope he doesn't forget himself and splash the after-shave all over.

My shapely girlfriend Pamela and I recently spent a week in your pretty country on vacation. During our stay I bought a copy of *Mayfair*, Vol 20 No 7, and both of us were impressed with it.

I specially enjoyed the pictures of the lovely well-endowed Debbie Jordan. Pamela is also well-endowed. She is a shapely and attractive 25-year-old, five foot five, 126-pound brunette. She has long chestnut hair and a 36DD-25-35 figure, of which

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she is rather proud. She also enjoys pleasing me with her body.

To please me on the trip, Pamela didn't wear any tights during the whole vacation. Instead she wore lacy suspender belts and stockings. On a few nights to be naughty and daring Pamela decided not to wear her bra or panties under her dress, just the lacy suspenders and stockings. Knowing that was all she was wearing under there was a real turn on for me. Once we returned to our room we made passionate love for hours. As we made love we gazed at *Mayfair*, adding to our pleasure. Keep up the good work.

(Name and address withheld)

You mean to say your girlfriend has 36DD boobs, and you didn't bring her round to our offices? What a rotter.

I enjoyed the story Slap-Happy Affair in Vol 20 No 7. It reminded me of an experience I had about four years ago. I went to a leading sports shop to watch a presentation of home gym equipment, and the sun beds were demonstrated by two beautifully tanned models in brief bikinis. As one of the girls stretched out on her stomach I was intrigued to notice four distinct bruises on her bottom. Later, when I had an opportunity, I asked her if she did photographic work, and she mentioned a studio and a rate. I remarked on the bruises, and she said, 'Don't worry, they'll soon fade.'

Some days later at our first photo-session I asked her about the bruises, and how she came by them. She said she had agreed to model for a professional photographer who wanted a girl of her figure with six cane marks on her bottom. He wanted the job done professionally for maximum authenticity, but had a job finding someone with experience who was willing to undertake the task. Finally the photographer found a teacher who would perform the service.

An appointment was made for about an hour before the photo session. She wore a loose-fitting jump suit with no bra or pants, as she always does for modelling.

The man she met showed her into the lounge, and offered her a coffee or a sherry. He then asked her if she understood what was going to happen, and explained the procedure. She said she was reluctant, but agreeable. He then showed her the cane, and apologised for the inevitable pain necessary to obtain a clean mark. The teacher asked if she would like his wife to be present, but the girl said no.

Then he asked her to take off her jump suit bottom, so he could judge the strokes, and then take up a comfortable position over the back of the armchair.

She jumped at each stroke, and could only be induced to take four. The photographer inspected the marks, and said he was satisfied with the four clear strokes.

The girl told me she wouldn't do it again, but she needed the money.

D H, Frinton-on-sea

Beats us whey she did it.

Your Quest series ought to tackle the subject of strange ways of getting to know girls. If so, perhaps you might like to interview me.

I am a keen amateur ornithologist, and although I live in a flat in town, I have equipped my balcony with bird baths, feeds, and nest boxes. I am quite proud of the visitors to my flat – there are more than sparrows in cities, you know. The only problem with bird watching in a block of flats is other people's cats. If I spot one, I take to defending my feathered flat sharers with my secret weapon. It's what we ornithologists call a bucket of water. Propelled from my second floor balcony onto a surprised pussy, it is astonishingly effective. However it can upset the owner. That was how I met Joanna (name changed).

Her cat was stalking a thrush which had been a regular on my birdtable, so with my usual heartless aplomb, the bucket flew out of the window, and hit the prowling moggy square. The noise as the cat fled indoors howling was incredible, but I had saved the bird from an unpleasant death. Then suddenly I heard my name being shouted from outside the window. There stood an attractive blonde in jeans and a teeshirt, holding a very wet cat.

'Oh poor Tramshed,' she was saying to it. 'I'll tell the nasty man for you.' When I appeared her expression changed.

'What do you mean by drowning my poor cat like that?' she shouted at me, and continued to yell for some time.

Finally, she said, 'We don't all hate animals, you know!' Well that annoyed me, I must admit. I told her to come up to the flat, and discuss this amicably. She was reluctant at first, but I persuaded her. She brought the soggy cat, and strutted into the room angrily. I made her leave it in the lounge, and said, 'I thought you might like to see what an animal hater does in his spare time.' I showed her the balcony, complete with a nesting box of six baby blackbirds. She was mortified.

I didn't realise,' she said. 'I'll keep Tramshed away if I can.'

From then on we became firm friends. I even grew to like the

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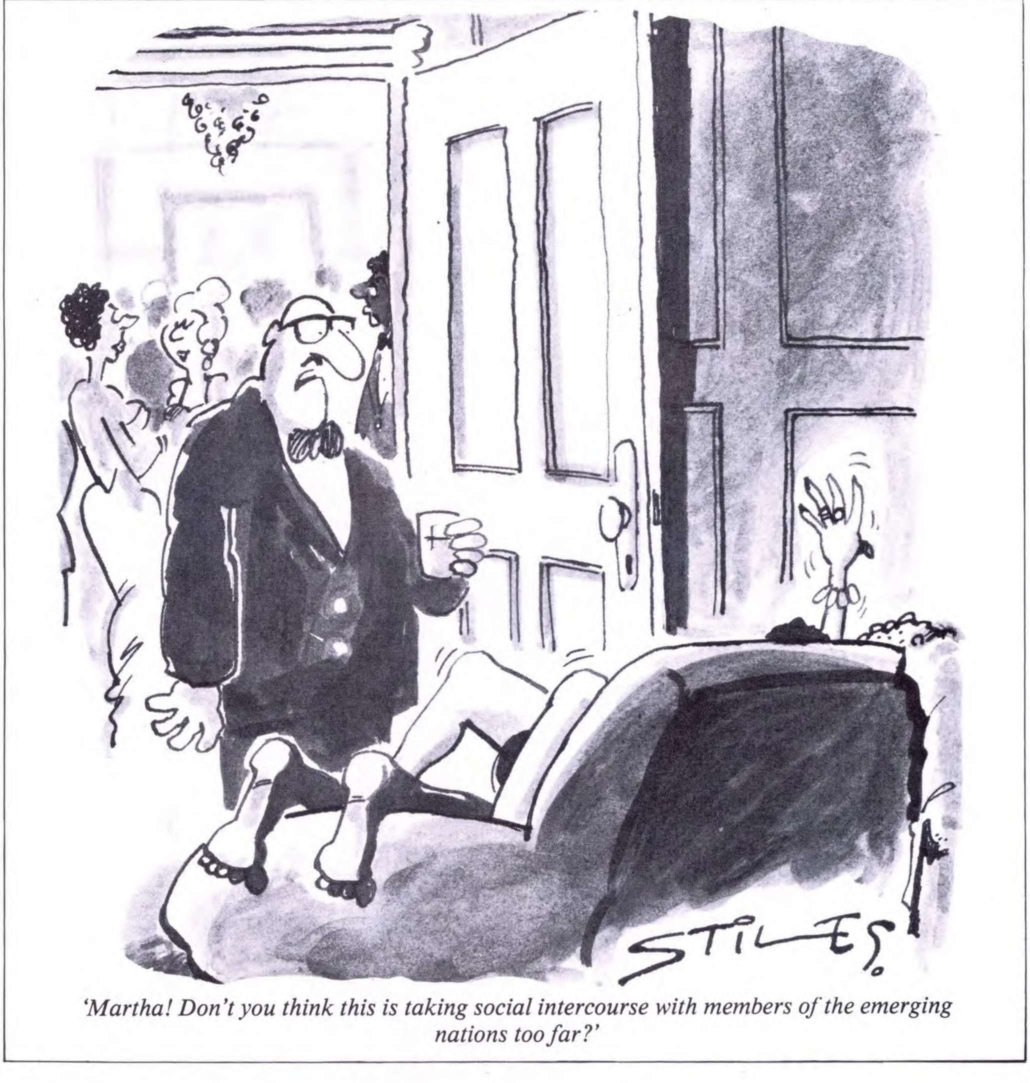

'Martha! Don't you think this is taking social intercourse with members of the emerging nations too far?'

LETTERS

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dreadful feline, and she watched the birds from my kitchen window. We started going to talks together, and ending the night in the pub. By now I had ambitions not to end the night at all, but for her to stay. Soon after it happened.

Being rather shy, I've never known how to instigate sex. Fortunately Tramshed did. The two came round for a drink, and we were on the sofa, looking at some colour slides. Suddenly feeling in need of attention the cat climbed onto my head. Joanna started laughing, and then leant over to try and remove him. As she did, I was just too close to her moist red lips to resist. I gave her a long kiss, and instead of recoiling in horror, I felt her tongue pushing into my mouth. It was a deep exploratory kiss, and my hands joined in the spirit of adventure. They roamed up to her breasts. They were plump 36 inchers cradled in a bra, but they still responded to massage through her teeshirt top. Her hands were on the move too. I felt one sliding down the gap at the back of the waistband of my trousers. Her fingers just reached the top of the crack in my bum.

We rolled over, and with her on top I was able to undo her bra, and let her bouncy boobs drop. I pulled off her teeshirt, and felt them bare for the first time. They were so smooth, and milky white, and her pink nipples were standing out like cup hooks. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable in my jeans, and Joanna seemed to realise this, so she pulled them down. My member popped out, seeming glad of the fresh air, and she held it watching it grow in her hand. I thought that she was going to do something with it there and then. But we agreed to head for the bedroom. Waddling along with my cock pointing the way, we fell on the bed. With a struggle I pulled down her tight jeans, and eased off her panties. She was so moist, and almost visibly throbbing with excitement. I found it hard to imagine that I had done that in so short a time, but talking about it later, it seems that she had been fantasising about me for some time.

She guided me into her, and it only took a few gentle strokes for us to be approaching climax. 'Go on, go on,' she screamed, and I pushed harder. What happened next was an explosion the like of which the Crystal Palace firework display would have been proud. As I came, rockets seemed to fly through the air, lights flash and orchestras play. It was fantastic. I shut my eyes in sheer reverie, and then . . . oooowwww! A sharp pain in the bum announced that Tramshed had followed us in, and had leapt onto the highest vantage point – my bottom. The claws dug into my cheeks, but even that couldn't alter what proved to be the start of a great sexual relationship. Who says that a bird watcher and a cat owner can't be friends?

SPB, West Midlands

Your correspondent in Vol 20 No 8 who wrote in with selections from people's complaints about gas is not the only one to get odd letters. Many years ago, I used to work for what was then called the Ministry of Labour, and we were beseiged with similar letters. Like WG, we kept a file of the most ridiculous, and when I retired some years ago, I was presented with a copy by colleagues. I thought you might enjoy a few: 'In acordance with your instruction,' wrote one lady, 'I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.'

Another informed us, 'Re your dental enquiry, the teeth at the top are still alright, but the ones in my bottom are hurting me terrible.'

But my favourite was a letter to the truancy officer.

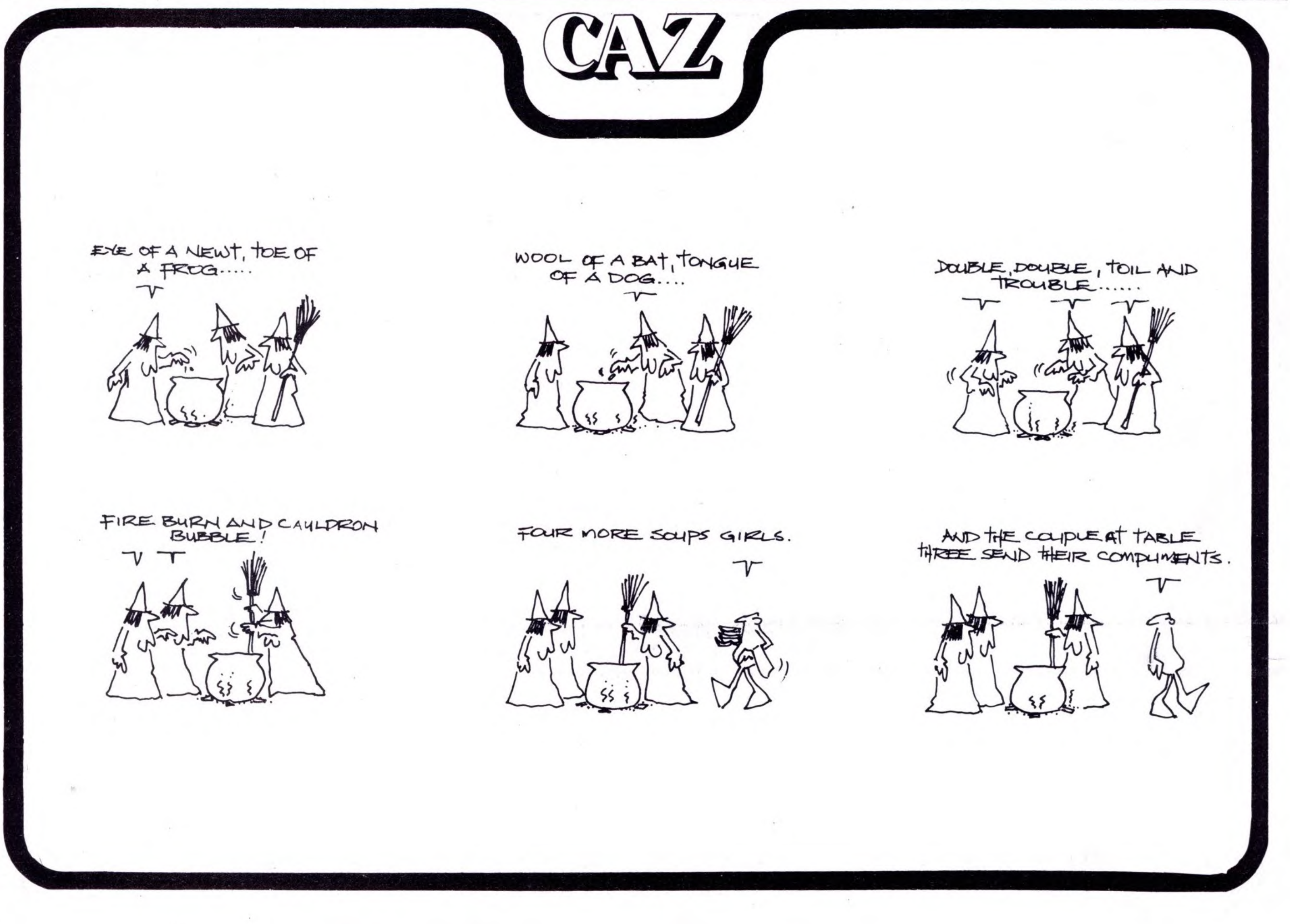
'My son is unable to attend school. He has had diarrhoea through a hole in his shoe.'

CBC, Cardiff

A friend of mine who works as an air stewardess told me an amusing anecdote about the time a short but very popular comedian boarded the plane she was on. Strutting down the aisle towards a leggy stewardess, he said, 'Hello darling, what would you say to a little fuck?' The stewardess looked down at him, and coolly replied, 'Hello, you little fuck.'

SL, Kingston

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

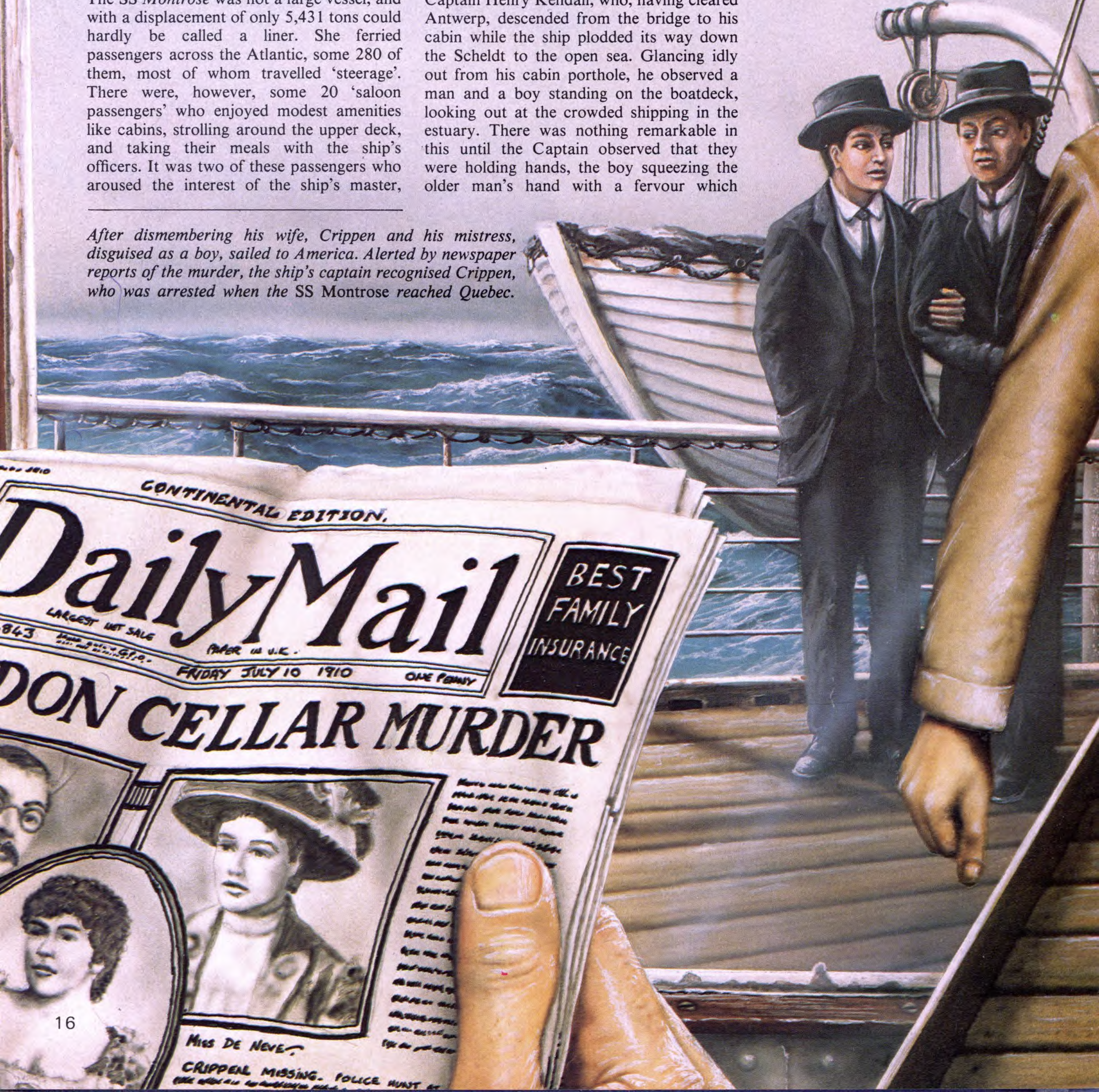

CAZ
EYE OF A NEWT, TOE OF A FROG.....
WOOL OF A BAT, TONGUE OF A DOG....
DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE......
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE!
FOUR MORE SOUPS GIRLS.
AND THE COUPLE AT TABLE THREE SEND THEIR COMPLIMENTS.

Hawley Harvey Crippen, with his mistress in tow, was arrested 75 years ago for callously poisoning then butchering his wife. Yet Crippen was a quiet dignified man, liked and respected by many, and went to the gallows protesting his innocence

DOCTOR CRIPPEN: meek, mild - and murderous

by Gerald Rawling

The SS *Montrose* was not a large vessel, and with a displacement of only 5,431 tons could hardly be called a liner. She ferried passengers across the Atlantic, some 280 of them, most of whom travelled 'steerage'. There were, however, some 20 'saloon passengers' who enjoyed modest amenities like cabins, strolling around the upper deck, and taking their meals with the ship's officers. It was two of these passengers who aroused the interest of the ship's master, Captain Henry Kendall, who, having cleared Antwerp, descended from the bridge to his cabin while the ship plodded its way down the Scheldt to the open sea. Glancing idly out from his cabin porthole, he observed a man and a boy standing on the boatdeck, looking out at the crowded shipping in the estuary. There was nothing remarkable in this until the Captain observed that they were holding hands, the boy squeezing the older man's hand with a fervour which


CONTINENTAL EDITION.
Daily Mail
LARGEST NET SALE
PAPER IN U.K.
BEST FAMILY INSURANCE
FRIDAY JULY 10 1910
ONE PENNY
DON CELLAR MURDER
MISS DE NEVE
CRIPPEN MISSING. POLICE HUNT

After dismembering his wife, Crippen and his mistress, disguised as a boy, sailed to America. Alerted by newspaper reports of the murder, the ship's captain recognised Crippen, who was arrested when the SS Montrose *reached Quebec.*

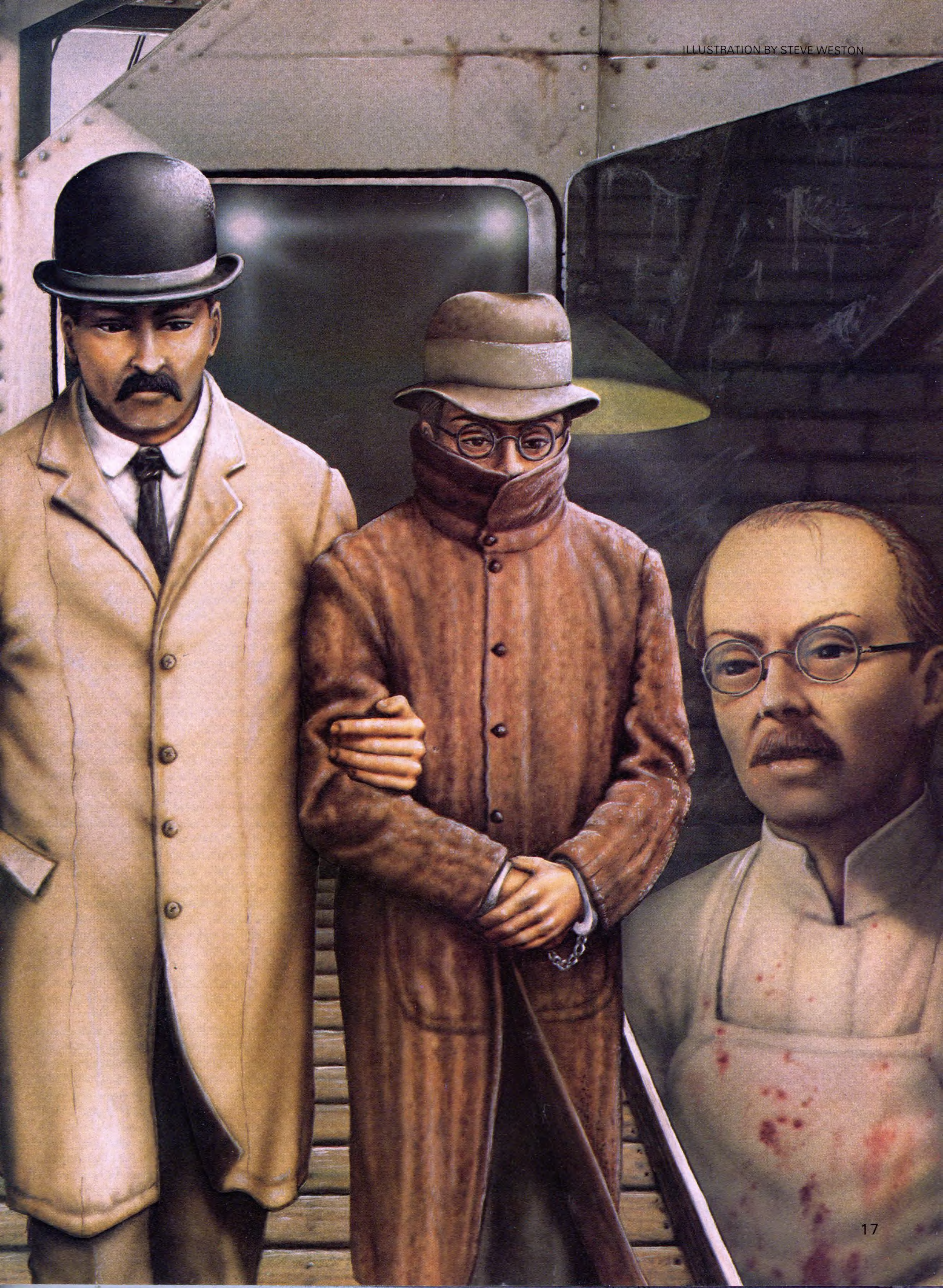


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE WESTON

Dr Crippen (left) as he appeared on wanted posters. Belle Elmore (right) the wife he murdered.

Kendall would later describe as 'immoderate'. A moment later a gust of wind uplifted the coat tails of the young lad to reveal a figure which showed curves in all the wrong places for a boy – and even more curious – the fact that the trousers appeared to be a very temporary affair since the back seam was held together with two or three large safety pins.

Captain Kendall fancied himself as a detective. On previous voyages when he was Chief Officer of the *Empress of India* he had made it his practice to prowl around the saloon looking for card-sharps with a fair degree of success because he later claimed that he was able to uncover at least one per voyage. Aboard the *Montrose*, however, he was moving into a much bigger league. Captain Kendall liked to read his newspaper, and had a supply of the Continental edition of the *Daily Mail* on board. Many of these featured a sensational story concerning the 'North London Cellar Murder', and the issue of July 10, 1910 carried pictures of a certain Dr Crippen and a Miss Ethel Le Neve who were being 'sought for questioning' by Scotland Yard. Intrigued by what he had seen through his porthole Captain Kendall ensured that this odd couple were invited to lunch at his table, and had discovered that the older man described himself as John Philo Robinson, merchant, travelling with his 16 year-old son, who was being taken to California for his health. Mr Robinson was clean shaven on his upper lip and was growing a beard; he wore neither the gold-rimmed spectacles nor the luxuriant moustache shown in the press picture of Dr Crippen, but there were red pressure marks high up on both sides of his nose which suggested he might have recently given up wearing glasses.

Another theory popular at the time had it that Captain Kendall became suspicious that all was not as it appeared when the young 'Master' Robinson spread his knees to catch a ball as a girl would catch it in her skirt.

Excited, Captain Kendall returned to his cabin, 'whited out' with chalk the moustache and spectacles on the *Daily Mail's* portrait, and found himself staring at a photo-fit image of his passenger, Mr Robinson. He was equally successful with 'Master Robinson', whose behaviour and speech at the luncheon table had done nothing to persuade Kendall that she was anything other than a young woman in disguise. Ethel Le Neve's portrait showed her with piled up hair and wearing a toque with an aigrette sprouting from it, but judicious use of a cardboard template placed on the photo to cover up these distractions revealed an unadorned face which seemed almost certainly that of his passenger, 'Master Robinson'. This was Detective Kendall's big moment. He wirelessed his owners in Liverpool the following message which would later cause such reverberations:

'Have strong suspicion that Crippen London cellar murderer and accomplice are among saloon passengers. Moustache taken off, growing beard. Accomplice dressed as boy. Voice manner and build undoubtedly a girl. Both travelling as Mr and Master Robinson. Kendall.'

After some hesitation, Scotland Yard decided to act. Chief Inspector Dew was the only senior officer who had ever talked to Crippen, and he was packed off on the *Laurentic* sailing from Liverpool, a faster ship which seemed likely to reach Quebec before the *Montrose*. This in fact happened, and Dew, disguised as a pilot with brass-buttoned pea jacket and peaked cap, came aboard the *Montrose* from a motor boat off Father Island to confront his quarry. The play acting was hardly necessary, and the verbal exchange is rivalled only by the meeting of Stanley and Livingstone for sheer banality.

'Good morning, Dr Crippen,' said Dew.

'Good morning Mr Dew,' was the reply, and the arrest followed. Shortly afterwards a shrill and entirely feminine scream from the Robinsons' cabin announced that Miss Le Neve had also been arrested. It was in such dramatic circumstances as these that Hawley Harvey Crippen was hauled back from Quebec to stand in Number One Court at the Old Bailey on a charge of murdering his wife.

There seems little doubt that after Jack the Ripper there is no more famous British murderer than Dr Crippen. But Crippen was not British, but American.

Crippen was born in Coldwater, Michigan, the son of God-fearing Protestant parents and he decided to emulate a physician uncle, and read medicine. He studied at the University of Michigan, and later at the Homoeopathic Hospital College in Cleveland, Ohio, eventually qualifying and moving to New York where he served his internship at the Hahnemann Hospital in Manhattan as an eye and ear specialist. It was here that he met a student nurse of Irish extraction named Charlotte Jane Bell and, carried away with her Dublin brogue, married her.

The partnership was not a success although she bore him a son, Otto, and was within days of producing another child when she died suddenly of apoplexy in Salt Lake City, Utah. A great deal has been written about Crippen as a mild, temperate, feeling man who admittedly murdered his wife for sufficient reasons which will shortly be made clear, but who otherwise was a benign and extremely considerate person. What these observers seem to have overlooked is that Crippen buried his wife, and totally abandoned his three-year-old son, Otto, pushing him off to live with his grandparents who had moved from Coldwater to San José, California. Now free of family entanglements, and once more a bachelor gay, he took himself off back to New York. It was there that he met his second wife, Belle.

Belle probably fancied herself as the Belle of New York, for she had her heart set on a show business career – in Grand Opera no less, although Vaudeville would do at a pinch. Born in a Brooklyn slum, daughter of a Polish Jew for a father and a German/American mother, she was christened Kunigunde Mackamotzki which she soon dropped in favour of Cora Turner for domestic purposes, and Belle Elmore for the world of the arts. When Crippen first encountered her she was a desirable young thing in her late teens who had already crawled far enough out of the gutter to find herself a 'protector' in the person of a stove manufacturer named Lincoln who not only set her up in an apartment of her own but even paid for her singing lessons. Crippen was dazzled; Belle was impressed with his professional qualifications. They married at St Paul's Church, Jersey City on January 1, 1892.

The latter part of the 19th Century proved a bad time for doctors. Patients who could not afford medical bills preferred to treat themselves with patent 'cures' which they could see advertised in the papers, and it was probably Belle who urged Crippen into the 'quackery' side of medicine. He began work for 'Professor' Munyon who ran a patent medicine business known as Munyon's Homoeopathic Remedies. He did so well there that he was soon opening a new office in Toronto, and later a further outlet in London on a salary of £2,500 a year – a

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Ethel Le Neve, Crippen's mistress, disguised as 'Master Robinson' for the voyage to America.

Crippen

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fabulous income for a man in those days.

Belle, however, was quite capable of spending up to that kind of level, and her dogged pursuit of a theatrical career continued with reckless expense on clothes, jewellery and other finery along with extravagant dinner parties at *Frascati's* and such places for which Crippen had to foot the bill.

Belle, it seems clear, as a great operatic singer lacked only one thing – talent. Even in Music Hall, to which lower stratum she had to descend, she was frequently boo-ed off stage because her rather shrill soprano voice was pretty shaky in the upper registers, and that splendid hourglass figure of her teens was getting much too bulky in the wrong places. Socially, however, Belle was extremely popular, particularly with the women, and became Treasurer of the Music Hall Ladies Guild.

Crippen had meanwhile fallen on hard times. His lucrative connection with Munyon fell through, and he was thrown back on his own resources while Belle was spending as much as ever, and being unfaithful to him into the bargain. He found another 'quackery' outlet in the Drouet Institute for the Deaf, a French-based swindle, with offices in London, and it was here that he met his future mistress, Ethel Clara Le Neve.

Ethel, too, had changed her name, which was really Neave. Born in Diss, Norfolk, daughter of a drunken father, she had managed that extraordinary uplift for a woman of her period, and had become someone to be reckoned with in business terms. She was head of the 'Ladies Department' in the Drouet establishment. In many ways Ethel Le Neve comes out as the most enigmatic of the three principal characters in this story – largely because she is so difficult to pin down. Belle was easy to pigeon-hole and so was her husband. She was vulgar, outrageously extrovert and friendly in an unbuttoned way with people she favoured. He was correct, subservient, modest, retiring and the nearest thing to the worm who has not quite turned that can be imagined. She was a virago; he was a hen-pecked husband. But Ethel Le Neve cannot be docketed in that way. 'Either there was nothing in her,' as one authority puts it, 'or there was a great deal.'

The relationship between Crippen and the woman who was effectually his secretary ripened gradually, and it was five or six years before they had their 'wedding' and became 'hub and wifie', to use Crippen's own expressions. This was his oblique way of saying that they finally went to bed together, although not yet at 39, Hilldrop Crescent where he and Belle were now living – they sneaked a few stolen hours in sleazy hotel rooms in North London.

Belle, in the meantime, was becoming steadily more impossible. She was frequently unfaithful, spent most of the day in bed, and when out of it was seldom sober for long. It was her idea to take in lodgers – or 'paying guests' as she preferred to call them – but it was Crippen who cooked their breakfasts, and blacked their boots before he went off to a full day's work, and it was Crippen who returned to find a hungover wife, just emerged from bed, and trying to calm her mangled nerves with a stiff jolt of brandy.

One may suppose that there is a tether's end for any man in a situation like that, and Crippen had certainly reached it. The climax came in December, 1909 when Belle, who knew all about Ethel, announced her intention of leaving him. Nothing would have suited the doctor better, but she said she was taking their joint savings with her, and had already given notice of withdrawal. Crippen's reaction to this was to order five grains of hyoscine hydrobromide from a West End chemist, an amount so large that they had to get it from wholesalers. Hyoscine was at the time a fairly new drug used as a heavyweight sleeping potion, especially in mental hospitals, and was derived from henbane of the deadly nightshade family. Clearly by this time he was bent on murder.

On the night of January 31, 1910, Dr and Mrs Crippen entertained two of Belle's closest friends from the Music Hall world, Paul and Clara Martinetti. They dined – Belle for once doing the cooking – and afterwards adjourned to the upstairs parlour for a game of whist. The party broke up at 1.30 am and, as the Martinettis descended the stairs, and out into the bitterly cold night, Clara called up from the front door: 'Don't come down, Belle,' she said, 'you'll catch your death.' Apart from Crippen, they were the last people to see Belle alive.

From that point on Crippen blundered his way forward like the leading actor in a play with no script, improvising his lines as he went along. He told Belle's many friends that she had gone to America to visit a sick relative which completely dumfounded them, and then had an uneasy time answering awkward questions about why she had vanished without saying a word. The next day he gave some of her jewellery to Ethel, and pawned the rest for £195. His crowning act of stupidity was to escort Ethel wearing one of Belle's favourite diamond brooches to a Music Hall Charity Ball at the *Criterion.* That really set the tongues wagging.

In the meantime Ethel had moved into Hilldrop Crescent, and a month later Crippen decided to write Belle out of the script – he announced that she had died in Los Angeles. More Awkward questions followed which Crippen managed to parry in his calm, unflappable way but one of Belle's friends who had been on a visit to America, and failed to uncover any news of her became suspicious, and told his story to Scotland Yard. This resulted in a visit to the Doctor from Chief Inspector Dew, and if Crippen had made some blunders at the outset, he carried off this particular interview with extraordinary panache. He blandly informed the Inspector that the stories he had been putting about were all lies designed to protect his wife's reputation, and his own from scandal. To the best of his knowledge, he said, his wife was still alive. She had left him, and he strongly suspected that she had gone to Chicago with one of her former lovers. So convincing was this latest invention that Dew was more or less satisfied; he made a perfunctory search of the house and left.

It was now that Crippen made his fatal mistake. Most authorities agree that if he had stood his ground he would have had an excellent chance of literally getting away with murder. But he was becoming rattled,

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Crippen

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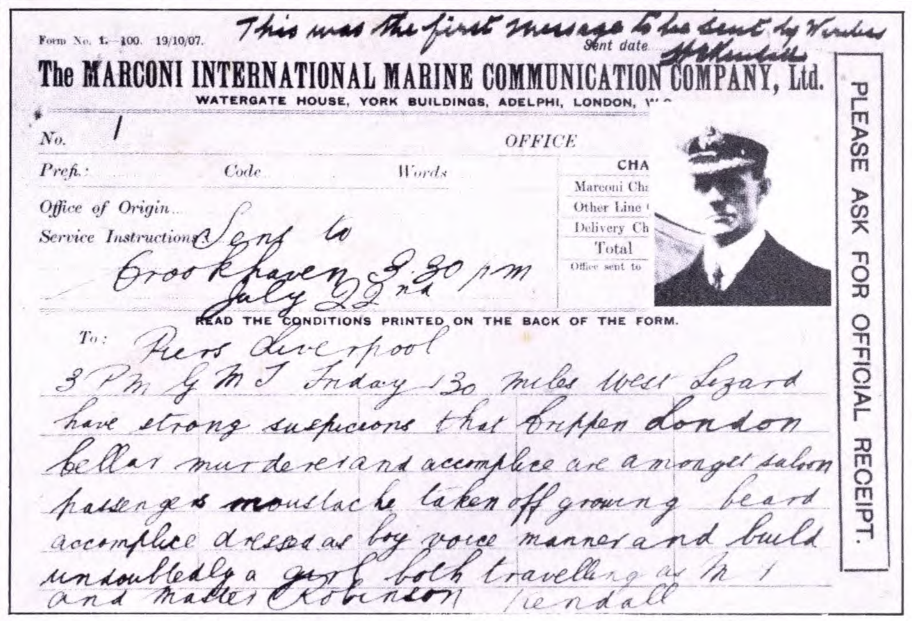
and decided to flee the country with Ethel. Two days later Dew called at Hilldrop Crescent to clear up a minor point, and found Crippen gone. This time the house was thoroughly ransacked, and the garden dug over. It was not until the third day that they prised some bricks loose in the cellar floor, and found human remains buried in lime.

The chase followed, and Chief Inspector Dew had his big moment. They say that later, when there was talk of renaming Hilldrop Crescent, two sardonic suggestions were Dewdrop Crescent and Filleted Place – the latter because all bones had been removed from what remained of the corpse.

The remains – and there is no better word for them, since the head and limbs were missing, and it was not even possible to determine the sex of what had been left behind – were handed over to forensic experts who included a certain Dr Bernard Spilsbury who would later become famous, and whose career would be much enhanced by virtue of medical evidence in this particular case.



This was the first message to be sent by Wireless
H G Kendall

Form No. 1–100. 19/10/07.

Sent date

The MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION COMPANY, Ltd.
WATERGATE HOUSE, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.

No. 1

OFFICE

Pref.: Code Words

CHA

Marconi Ch

Other Line

Delivery Ch

Total

Office sent to

Office of Origin

Service Instructions: Sent to Crookhaven 3.30 pm July 22nd

READ THE CONDITIONS PRINTED ON THE BACK OF THE FORM.

To: Piers Liverpool

3 PM GMT Friday 130 miles West Lizard have strong suspicions that Crippen London cellar murderer and accomplice are amongst saloon passengers moustache taken off growing beard accomplice dresses as boy voice manner and build undoubtedly a girl both travelling as Mr and Master Robinson Kendall

PLEASE ASK FOR OFFICIAL RECEIPT.

After Captain Kendall of the SS Montrose (inset) became suspicious of two of his passengers, he sent the Marconigram (above) to his owners in Liverpool who then notified Scotland Yard.

Prosecution lay in the hands of R D (later Sir Richard) Muir, a great criminal lawyer, a hard-headed and forceful Scot, who possessed all the wide powers granted to Treasury Counsel, and used them to ginger up the police with whose performance he remained profoundly dissatisfied. From his point of view it appeared that Chief Inspector Dew was resting on his laurels, and basking in the media sunshine of the 'capture by wireless' episode when it was through not having Crippen watched in the first place that the man had got out of the country at all. Part of the remains had been wrapped in an old pyjama suit, and it seemed that the police had abandoned efforts to trace them. Muir drove them on to pursue the matter and, in doing so, provided himself with an ace in the hole when the case came to Court.

Crippen was unfortunate in his defence. His solicitor, Arthur Newton, was a shyster who got suspended from practice for 12 months for unprofessional conduct during the case, and was later struck off and given three years in prison for his involvement in a fraud case. Newton, in his turn, having failed to get the most eminent KC of the day, Marshall Hall, to appear for his client – apparently because Hall was on holiday and Newton refused to pay a deposit for taking the brief – secured the services of Alfred Tobin, a rather plodding barrister for a case which clearly needed the best possible advocacy.

The trial opened on October 18 before the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, and quickly resolved itself into a battle of wits between forensic experts on both sides. The only viable line of defence for Crippen was that the human debris had been buried in the cellar before he took possession of the house, and were therefore not the remains of his wife. This line of argument was given a rattling by Dr Willcox for the prosecution who had identified 2.7 grains of hyoscine in the body, and by Dr Spilsbury who had examined the pieces of skin, and established that they formed part of the lower abdomen, and included an operational scar similar to one that Belle Elmore had undergone in the past.

Rebuttal evidence for the defence was coolly shot to pieces by Spilsbury of whom Edgar Lustgarten would later write: 'To the man in the street he stood for pathology as Hobbs stood for cricket or Dempsey for boxing or Capablanca for chess.' But the clincher in the Prosecution case came entirely through Muir's efforts to get the police investigation moving. The pyjama material had finally been traced to the retailers who confirmed that it had not been manufactured until the end of 1908 and, furthermore, three suits of it were delivered to 39, Hilldrop Crescent in January 1909.

With Machiavellian cunning, Muir got Crippen into the witness box to swear that he had bought the pyjamas in 1905 or 1906 (before he moved into Hilldrop Crescent) and a simple appearance by the buyer for the retailers disproved him. In a masterly closing speech, Muir asked the Jury: Who alone could have buried those pyjamas, and who alone was missing who could have been buried in them but Belle Elmore? The Jury was only out half an hour before returning a verdict of Guilty.

Crippen's remaining few weeks were spent in Pentonville, and he used most of the time pouring out an endless stream of love letters to 'hub's darling' or 'dear wifie'. Ethel's letters to him seem to have given him great comfort at the end, but nobody else ever read them because they were buried along with his body as a last request.

Through those last days Dr Crippen never lost his dignity. Even at the trial the press had commented on his placid and imperturbable composure almost in a way that suggested a review of a theatrical performance rather than reports on a man fighting for his life in Court. At Pentonville he struck up a warm relationship with the prison staff, particularly with the Governor, Major Mytton-Davies, and at the very end it appeared that Crippen was comforting the Governor rather than the other way round.

Indeed, people who liked and respected him have recorded their feelings. A neighbour who gave evidence at the inquest said: 'I think he was one of the nicest men I ever met' and Arthur Newton's managing clerk remarked: 'Of all the criminals we ever defended there was no one who so compelled my sympathy.' Even Chief Inspector Dew went on record to the effect that 'there was something almost likeable about the mild little fellow'. And a full generation later, a hard-bitten, cynical writer like Raymond Chandler, creator of that gritty private detective, Philip Marlowe, could say: 'You can't help liking the guy somehow. He was one murderer who died like a gentleman.'

And die like a gentleman he did at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, November 23, 1910.

Just two points remain which require clarification. What really happened after 1.30 am on February 1, 1910, and whatever happened to Ethel Le Neve?

To take the latter point first. Ethel also was tried – as an accessory after the fact – and came up before the Lord Chief Justice with R D Muir once again leading for the Crown. Sensibly, she gave Arthur Newton a wide berth, and another solicitor briefed F E Smith (later Lord Birkenhead), a rising young barrister who would later have a most distinguished career. He made a difficult but ultimately entirely correct decision in not putting Ethel into the box, and calling no witnesses on her behalf, thus leaving the onus on the Crown to prove her guilt.

The Crown's case was so shaky that one wonders why the action was brought at all. Even the great R D Muir could do nothing with it although it would be enlightening to know what might have happened had she been put into the box, and forced to undergo cross-examination by that fearsome advocate. She got off, of course, and it is interesting to note that afterwards Lord Alverstone told F E Smith that he thought he should have put her on the stand. To which

turn to page 102

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M2010

Crippen

continued from page 91

Smith is said to have replied: 'No, I knew what she would say. You did not.'

After that Ethel had had quite enough of the glare of publicity, and quickly submerged without trace for over 40 years although journalists were always ready to discover her in phoney reports from remote parts of the globe.

But strangely, it was the novelist, Ursula Bloom, who finally ascertained a few solid facts about Ethel. In 1954 she published a fictionalised account of the case entitled *The Girl Who Loved Crippen*. This was serialised in the *Sunday Dispatch*, and immediately provoked a response, not from Ethel but from her brother, Sidney Neave, who complained of the way in which his sister had been protrayed. This in turn led to a contact with Ethel after a number of letters had passed between them through Sidney as an intermediary, and the novelist finally got down to an interview at Ethel's home in Addiscombe, finding her at 71 still pretty with intelligent grey eyes.

Unfortunately for anyone interested in the history of the Crippen case, Ethel remained as tight-lipped and enigmatic as ever. A few grains of information leaked out. She had gone to New York, then Toronto, but came back to England in 1916. She worked as a typist in a furniture store in Trafalgar Square, and there married a fellow employee. They had a son and a daughter who grew up, and Ethel became a grandmother, but none of the family knew of her background. And that was all that Ursula Bloom could learn. She did extract one piece of information of positive interest. She asked Ethel that if Crippen could come back again, would she marry him now? (By this time Ethel was a widow). The answer was a very definitive affirmative, and Ursula said she was 'almost pierced' by Ethel's eyes.

There the story of Ethel Le Neve might have ended but for the researches of yet another journalist, Jonathan Goodman, who was writing a book, *The Crippen File*, published in July this year. All he knew about Ethel was that she married a man named Smith, and died in 1967. Following that clue through Somerset House he finally traced her 70 year old son, Bob Smith and her 64 year old daughter, Nina Campbell, and presented them with the facts as he knew them.

They were complely stunned by the news that their mother had once been the most famous woman in the world, and the picture of Ethel as the biggest close-mouth of all time takes on new dimensions. Goodman himself was shocked to discover their ignorance. 'I knew there couldn't be a mistake,' he said, 'but Ethel just stops in 1910, and this wholly new person appears. I mean Ethel had run Crippen's business for him, she was a sort of executive. And then there's this mum, the housewife who always put a new apron on after she'd done the housework, this terribly ordinary human being. They just seemed two separate people.'

And so Ethel kept her secret to the end, dying at something over 80 years with her teeth tightly clenched as if, even then, reluctant to speak about that episode from the past.

And so to 39, Hilldrop Crescent, and the night of January 31/February 1, 1910. Crippen, of course, never admitted anything, and so what took place is a matter for the widest possible conjecture. The remains in the cellar were undoubtedly those of Belle Elmore, and the presence of hyoscine, a poison which Crippen had bought, prove fairly conclusively that he had administered it to her – perhaps in a stiff brandy nightcap after the Martinettis had left. Incidentally, the house itself received a direct hit a during WW2 bombing raid, and was replaced by a block of council flats.

Theories are not lacking, for the case had aroused a greal deal of discussion at all levels. That eminent KC, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who came near defending Crippen, and boasted that, if he had done, he would have least got the charge reduced to manslaughter if not an acquittal, reckoned that the Doctor was dosing his wife regularly with hyoscine as an anti-aphrodisiac because her sexual demands were wearing him out. Then he accidentally overdosed her and, finding a corpse on his hands, panicked.

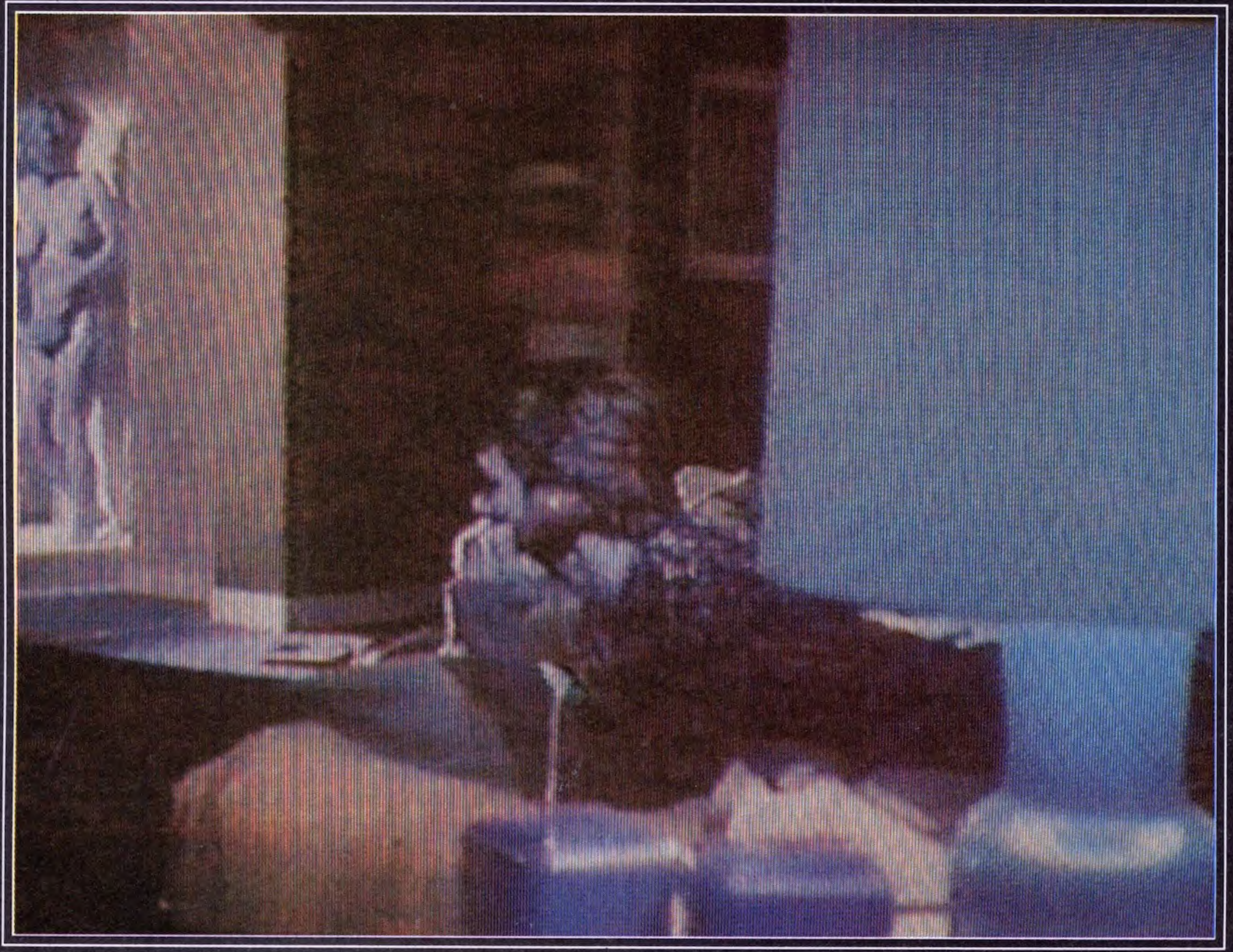
A more likely speculation comes from Dr S Ingleby Oddie who was the Central London coroner and, as a barrister in addition to his medical qualifications, was on Muir's prosecution team as a junior. He maintained that Crippen administered hyoscine with the intention that she should die and then, with a record of heart weakness and heroic overindulgence in food and liquor, it could be diagnosed as a cardiac arrest. This may well have been Crippen's intention, but, if it was, something went badly wrong, and he ended up killing her by some other means then was faced with the problem of body disposal.

Just how he disposed of the head, all the limbs, all the bones and most of the organs will never be known, and it is a major mystery that, having accomplished this gruesome task so efficiently, he decided to bury the relatively insignificant portions that remained under the cellar floor. Raymond Chandler, remarked: 'I cannot see why a man who would go to the enormous labour of de-boning, de-sexing and de-heading an entire corpse would not take the rather slight extra labour of disposing of the flesh in the same way.'

Two things remain certain. Firstly that Hawley Harvey Crippen killed his wife, and secondly that his love for Ethel Le Neve was pure and noble. 'There are two sides of the story,' wrote Filson Young, author of the introduction in the *Notable British Trials* series, 'the physical, which is sordid, dreadful and revolting, and the spiritual which is good and heroic.'

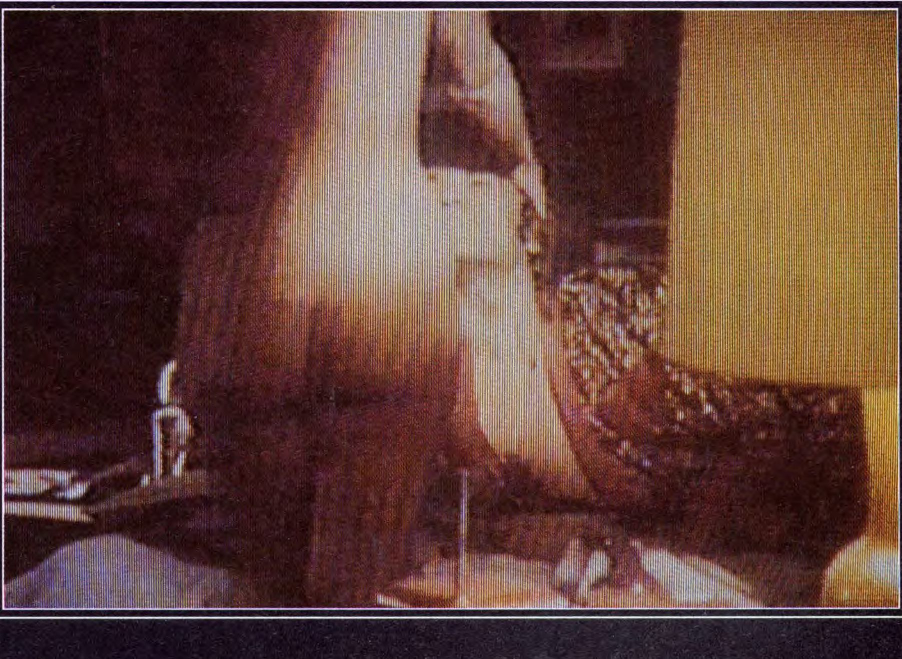
And let us leave the final word on Crippen with J B Priestley who, while admitting that he had 'no natural empathy with men who dissect their wives and bury their remains in the cellar' went on to say, 'I cannot help wishing that Crippen had been able to slip away to start a new life somewhere with his devoted Ethel. . . . He must have had something that was not so much meat for the hangman.'

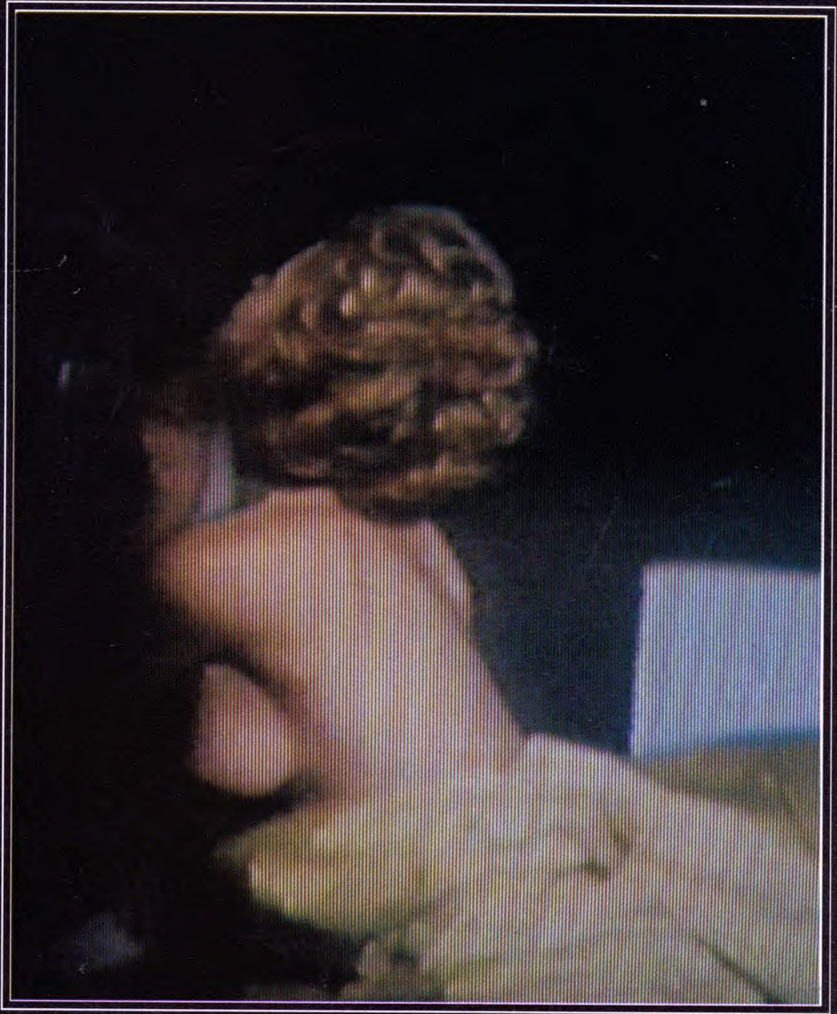
Full frontal : it's Stephanie Beacham TV's 'Connie'



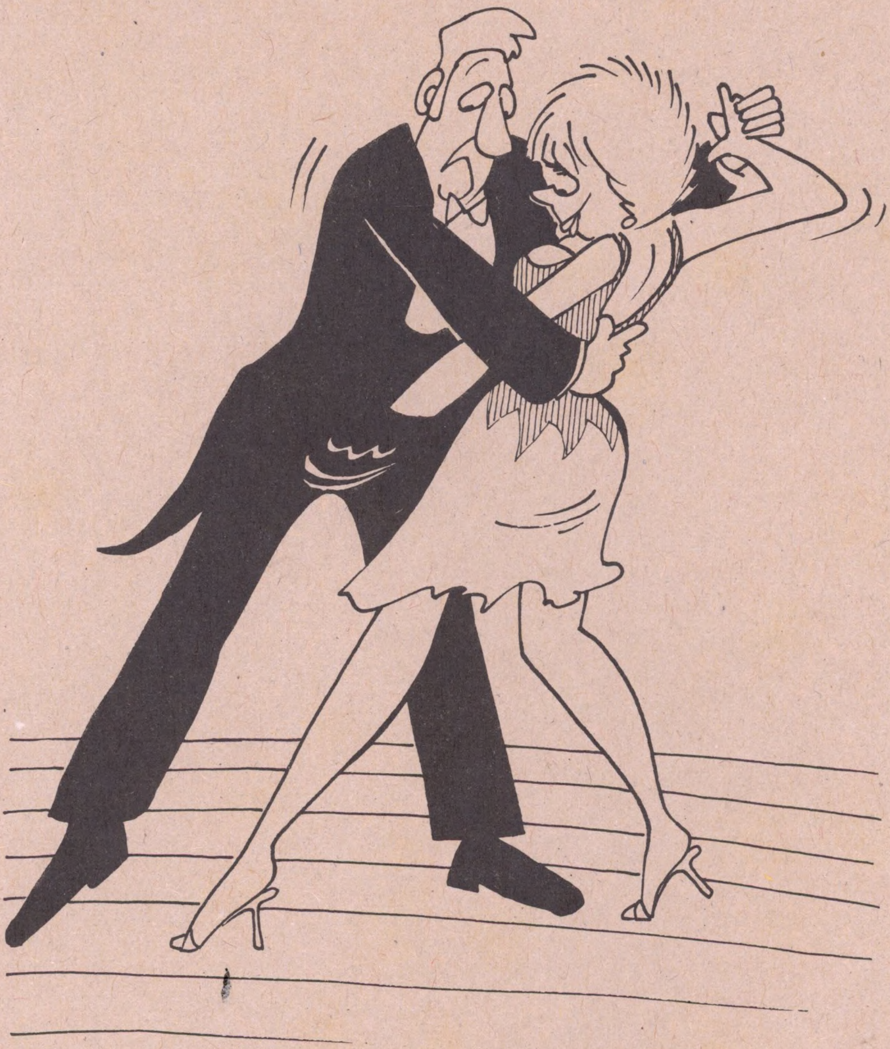
When Central TV's drama series *Connie* started to occupy the 9pm slot on a Sunday evening, we suddenly noticed a difference in our post bag. It was getting heavier. This was no coincidence. It was full of requests to feature the star of the series, the man-eating Connie herself, Stephanie Beacham (seen left as she appears in the programme). Our research department went into action, and eventually uncovered a film made in the seventies in which she starred and showed everything. It's called *Superbitch,* and we bring you its sexiest scenes just as Stephanie has been offered the part of 'superbitch' in TV's *Dynasty* spin-off, *The Colbys of California.* It's a role which rivals that of Joan Collins in the original series, and already the newspapers are making comparisons. We let you judge for yourselves.

In *Superbitch*, released in 1972 as *Blue Movie Blackmail*, Stephanie plays Joanne who runs an escort agency as a front for drug smuggling. Clients, such as a US diplomat who likes sex dressed as a rabbit, are secretly filmed, and blackmailed into helping. The film (expected to be released on video in October) has chases, and shoot-outs. Other stars include Patricia Hayes and *Blakes 7's* Gareth Thomas. However it lacked the big budget of *Connie*, where her leather suit alone (bottom) cost £1,000.





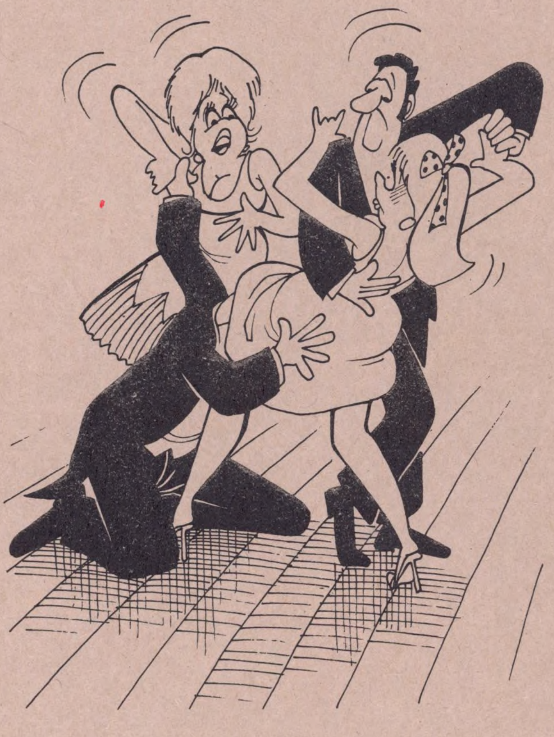
If Joanne in *Superbitch* is scheming, Connie was no angel either. She's a tough businesswoman whose only weakness is men, say Central the makers of the programme. 'I like Connie,' claims 36-year-old Stephanie, 'I admire her guts and determination.' In her last two television roles, Hampstead-based Stephanie has literally gone from rags to riches. Prior to *Connie*, she played Rose, a POW, in BBC TV's *Tenko*. Her recent stage roles have been diverse too. She played a 35-year-old virgin in *Happy Family*, and a high class courtesan with the National Theatre in *Venice Preserved*. Stephanie has made one other appearance bare on screen. In 1974, she had a nude clinch with Marlon Brando, in *The Nightcomers*.



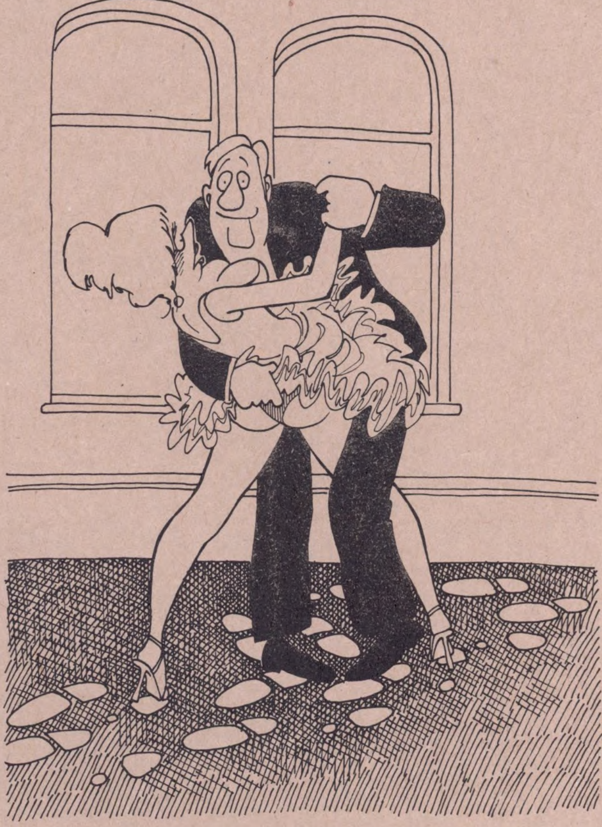
'Really, Sandra! I should be doing the leading.'

DID YOU EVER COME DANCING?

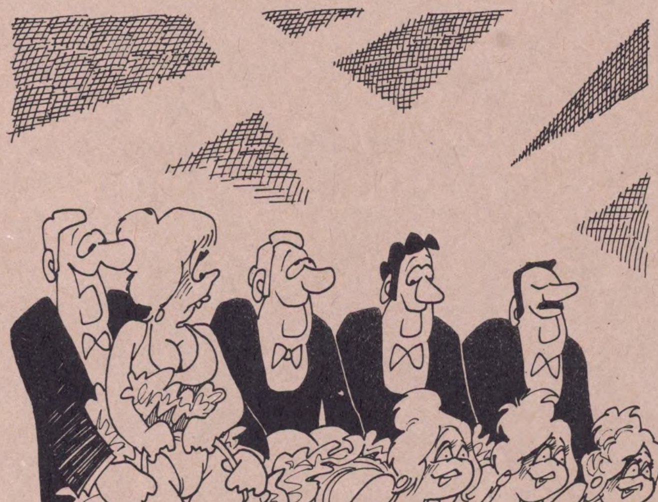
It takes two to tango, says cartoonist Anthony, and when couples take to the floor it can be just a few quick steps to love



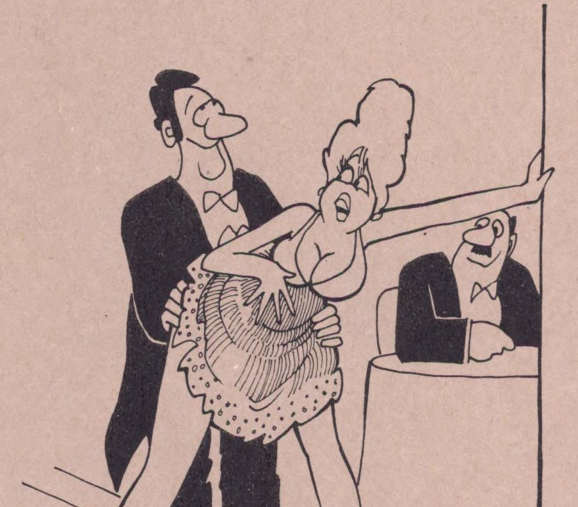
'I'm afraid the Latin American dances always affect him this way.'



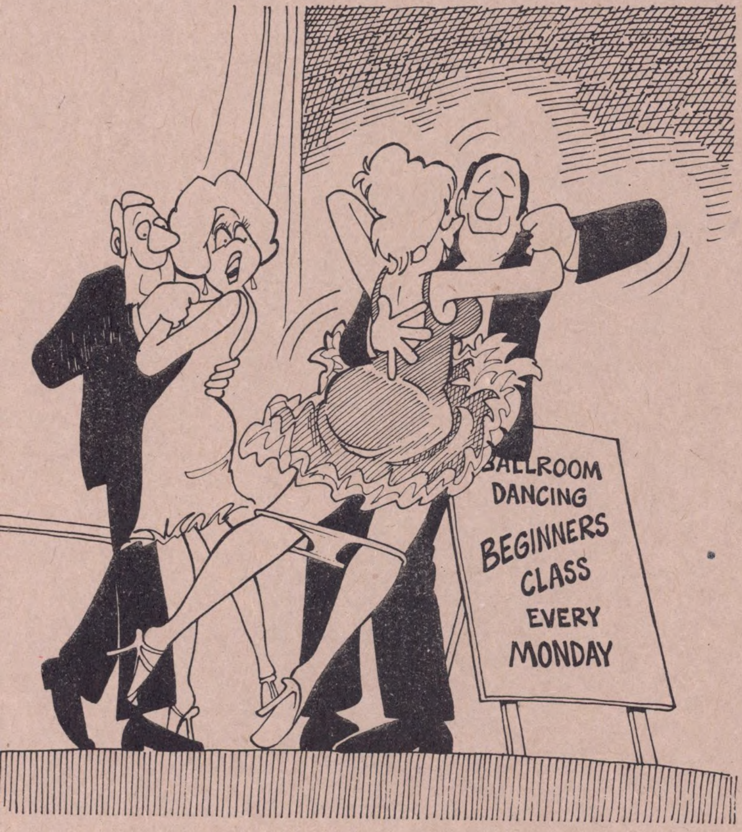
'You're standing on the wrong footmarks again, Mr Grindle.'



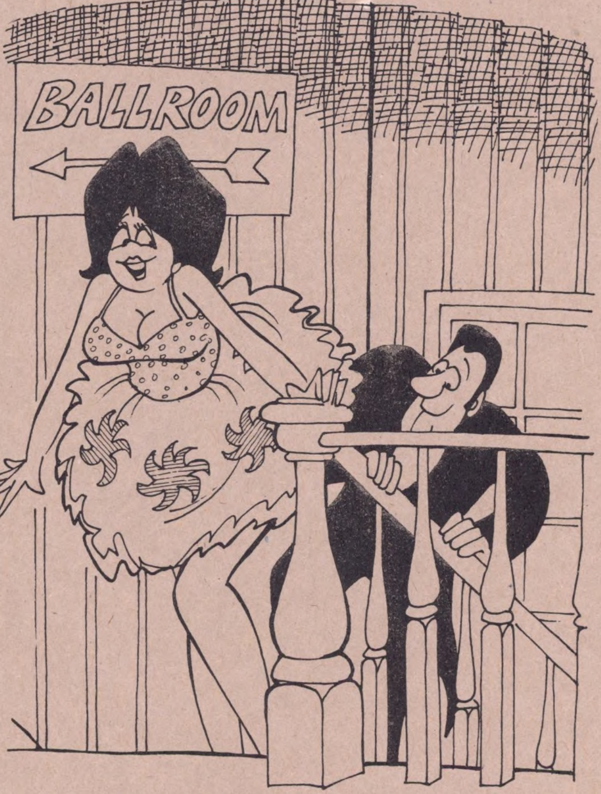
'But Deborah, we can't let the formation team down.'



'You've not quite got the hang of this reverse pivot turn yet, have you?'


BALLROOM
DANCING
BEGINNERS
CLASS
EVERY
MONDAY

'No, no, Mr Horncastle! It's slow slow, quick quick, slow!'



'You haven't seen how much my brush has improved recently, have you, Simon?'

'I thought this dance was supposed to end with a closed finish.'

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To be an accomplished lover you don't have to be an athlete, says author Michael Castleman. It is all a question of attitude and technique, and by following this informative book's invaluable advice you can become the wonderful lover you've always wanted to be. This textbook will help you gain confidence, and achieve a better and satisfying sex life. Reassuring and practical, this volume helps dispel the hangups, both physical and mental, which can prevent the fulfilment of a satisfying sexual relationship.

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WINE

Charles Fforde

Don Hewitson is a Rolf Harris look-alike from New Zealand whose **Cork and Bottle** (*44-46 Cranbourne St, London WC2, Tel: 01-734 7807*) has twice won the *London Standard's* wine bar of the year award. His other places, **Shamper's**, at *4 Kingly St, W1* (*01-437 1692*), and **Methuselah's** in *29 Victoria St, SW1* (*01-222 0424*) have combined to make him a force on the London wine scene; a refreshingly different one.

Hewitson is full of infectious enthusiasm, and crammed with honest knowledge. Utterly unpretentious in that engaging Antipiodean manner (sic!), he has the way of bringing wine down to a fun level, no matter whether it's a bottle of the house *La Fleuralie Blanc* or *Rouge* at £4, or a Californian classic from the Alexander Valley – a Jordan *Cabernet Sauvignon 1979* – at £18.95 a bottle.

Many bars fail for me because they do not make me feel particularly welcome, or that it is a real pleasure to be in them. When their staff do try they sometimes do so from a very limited knowledge. So much so that after a while one gives up asking for such esoteric things as the cork to be removed from a decent bottle of Claret to let it breathe, after it has been handled with all the delicacy of a rugby ball in the middle of a loose maul.

'Good Wine is Good People' should be the Hewitson motto. His wine lsit is the same for all three places, with few exceptions. It begins with no less than *ten* house wines. Selections from Alsace, Bordeaux, Beaujolais, Spain, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. The underrated *Marques de Caceres Rioja '76*, at £4.95, sets the scene in both price and quality.

For me *Beaujolais* had become something of a general joke, it even being suggested that wine was made in Paris than in Beaujolais itself. However, Don Hewitson favours it, and has convinced me and a good many other wine lovers that it is the all-purpose drinkable wine of France. It's constant, unenervating, and on his list for £4.95. There is also 'the finest house champagne in London!' or so declares his card about Joseph Perrier at £9.95 per bottle or £5.25 a half.

Hewitson's wine bars have blackboards of suggestions, with wooden bar tubs of ice cubes and special offers. Everyone seems to be a regular, and on first name terms with the staff. There's hurry and bustle amongst the clientele – 30 to 45-year-old middle to upper management and directors' secretaries. Whereas Don Hewitson is into *Beaujolais*, his director at *Shamper's*, Tom Glynne, has a long *affaire* going with champagne, and Simon, who manages *Methuselah's*, nudges his lot onto the ten-year-old tawny port.

There is a bottle of champagne awarded to the bar scribe who comes up with the top limerick of the month – there were so many defacing the wine list, apparently – and seductive little pen sketches on this hand-written 12-page card like, 'One should drink claret with a scholar, burgundy with a poet, and champagne with a wit. Preferably female.'

Of the three places, I have become attached to *Methuselah's*, which combines a wine bar in the basement, a brasserie on the entrance floor, and a restaurant at the rear. Don Hewitson's empire is very much into highly innovative food, mainly of the quick, cold, snacky variety, with one or two daily specials. Piled plates of salads, spiced chicken cold curries, Pavlova (a New Zealand delicacy), and an excellent £10.50 à la carte menu in *Methuselah's* Burgundy Room, which includes Loch Fyne Gravad lax and langoustines, roast chicken with an Alsace *Riesling* sauce, charcoal grilled lambsteak, and a very fine cheeseboard.

I am a Hewitson fan because he always teaches me something new about wine. I enjoyed my introduction to *Chateau Grand Seuil* (£4.95) a superb *Cabernet Sauvignon*, 18 months oak maturated, from Provence, and a clutch of lesser known (in this country) wines from Rhone. We all know *Chateauneuf du Pape*, of course, but are unwilling, in the main to pay the price nowadays. So how about a *Crozes Hermitage 1981*, robust, for £5.95 instead.

Prices quoted at time of writing are subject to change.

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TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

It was only on the final stage of the two hour crossing from Kennacraig on the Mull of Kintyre that a narrow lip opened to starboard, separating Islay from neighbouring Jura. The *Iona's* wake ploughed up the glassy sea. Escorting gulls yawed and dipped, and contented souls sat in their shirtsleeves in deckchairs, wondering whether it was really worth the effort to go below for a meal.

There is almost as much pleasure in getting to Scotland as being there. I could have taken the Glasgow shuttle from Heathrow, but elected to drive all the way up, instead. M1, M6, and A74 across the border, on to the M74 and then the M8, which is a superb motorway that rides over the spine of Glasgow. It passes the airport, on the way to Erskine Bridge (where there is a 30p toll to cross the Clyde), and then meets the real Road To The Isles – the A83. This takes one up along Lomond's western shore to Arrochar, and the breathtakingly beautiful setting of Inverary, against the backdrop of its castle.

Scotland is famous for its golf, and even the islands offer fine courses. Nor are they as cold as one might imagine. 'Islay is in the path of the Gulf Stream, and few golfers realize that,' Murdo MacPherson told me. Mr MacPherson is Mine Host of *The Machrie Hotel.* Its course is reputed to be one of the best natural links in the world, located as it is on the vast peat plain south of the island. Where Atlantic breezes bend the yellow gorse, and burnish the stately purple rhododendrons, which look rather like remittance men, banished from their Laird's stately acres, reset in common soil. Coming inland from the picturesque fishing village of Port Askaig amidst the high eastern cliffs, black-faced sheep cosy up to ageless stone walls, unperturbed as articulated vehicles lumber past, and a black and white Collie comes bounding round, busying them through a gate on to fresh pasture.

Islay is pronounced *eel-luh* in Gallic, but *eye-lar* in the more commonly used anglicized version, and Islaymen are *Ileach* (eel-luch). Scots Gallic, unlike Welsh and Irish Gaelic, has never been a national language. It is spoken only by the Highlander and Islander. Islay is the southernmost of the Inner Hebrides, though not typically Hebridean in that it lacks the crofting and grazing lands of the Outer Hebrides and Skye in particular. It is less physically Highland than Jura and Mull, and was the fiefdom of the notorious Lords of the Isles – the Macdonalds – who reigned until 1615.

Islaymen are very laid back. You acknowledge everybody you pass, either on foot or in your car, but directions can be somewhat 'Irish' in their confusion. 'You get rid of your watch and newspaper when you come here, and you spend the first three days winding down,' said James MacEwan, Manager of Bowmore Distillers, Bowmore being the island's capital.

My June visit coincided with 'The Silent Season', which is when the water runs down, and most distilleries can't manufacture malt, though Bowmore's were gleefully managing two mashes a week still. Islay malt is peaty, peat being used to dry the barley.

The Islay air burgeons the appetite, just as it gently anaesthetizes the visitor to sleep every night. On my second sunlit morning I was up to greet it, and off to Portnahaven on the bottom left hand side of this butterfly-shaped island, pronounced by the two huge indentations of lochs Indaal and Gruinart. The roads are mostly single track with plenty of laybys. At Portnahaven, more Irishness. Yes, there was a hotel. No, it didn't take visitors, and, no again to breakfast. No matter, at the island's centre, is Bridgend and its excellent chintzy, inexpensive hotel.

Islay is never dull, whatever the weather. The road across Islay's great divide runs by two Victorian follies, the Round Tower at Islay House Lodge, and a square tower, further on. You can enjoy beachcombing, trout and salmon fishing, and bird watching – and help yourself to cockles and whelks. In Islay it is easy to do nothing, and do it well.

For more information contact the Scottish Tourist Office, *23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh (Tel: 031-332 2433).*

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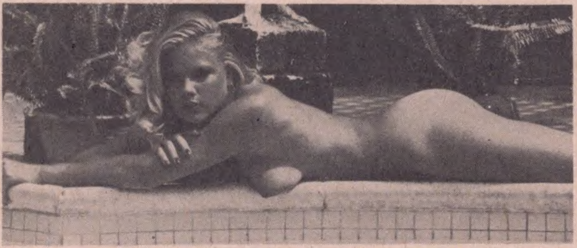

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

It is time we took a look at *Langan's* the most celebrated, and certainly the most publicized 'in' place of all 'in'-places in London at the moment. **Langan's Brasserie,** *Stratton House, Stratton Street, London W1 (Tel: 01-493 6437)* has had enough publicity in the last few years to refloat the *SS Norah Docker*. It is run by a champagne drinking, abrasively ebullient Irishman, Peter Langan – a man with unrivalled knowledge of food and wine, allied to an equal love of it. The Brasserie is the all purpose French establishment where you can get anything from a *caneton à l'orange,* and an excellent *strogonoff,* to the more mundane dishes. I, for example, had sausages and mash (£3.95), as I had never seen the dish presented before. The sausages were hidden under a massive coating of onions, gravy, and black pudding – a toffee coloured ramp, steaming down from an albino head of mashed potato. I had started with smoked turkey (£2.50), fresh, succulently tasty, with a sauce added into the bowl, and some sponge-new granary bread. *Langan's* is where it would take you more than a month to go through the entire menu. It is that big and diversified, and the same can be said for the wine list. *Langan's* is an eating experience, and don't be put off by the famous faces you will see at other tables when you go. The prices are neither cheap nor exhorbitant. A meal for two with a bottle of house wine is about £30.

Perhaps I should have waited an extra month to visit the new **Bentley's Wine Bar Restaurant** in the basement of their famous *Swallow Street, London W1* premises, off Piccadilly *(Tel: 01-734 6210).* My lunch was first class, the food could not be faulted, except to say that portions did not err on the side of being over generous, and my waitress was inexperienced – it was difficult to catch her eye, I was not offered bread, nor were there cruets brought – and my guest went upstairs by mistake, and was not given the message I had left to say that I was downstairs. A pity, because this new *Bentley's* has really taken off well. One has to pre-book lunchtimes, they have singing guitarists most evenings after 7.30, are open six full days a week, and have just started doing Sunday lunches. The decor is terra cotta with chitz-covered cushions, and hard pew benches; so *English,* like the menu! *Bentley's* famous fishcakes are £3.50, steak and oyster pie (5.50), six No. 4 oysters (around 1½ inches in diameter) £3.50, and giant Mediterranean prawns a £1 each done in garlic and butter. There are £2.50 starters such as clam fries and camembert fritters, and other main courses like grilled rump (£4.95), or £5.50, when it comes with peppers or stilton. All food is fresh. House wines start at £3.85 for good quality Cape, and £4.50 for French. The wine bar has a long counter running almost its entire length, where customers may just stand and tipple, if they so choose, without being obliged to eat.

I enjoyed a pleasant light lunch at the poolside of the Chelsea Holiday Inn's **Papillon** restaurant, *Sloane Street, London SW1 (Tel: 01-235 4377).* Leaving aside the exotic verbiage without which no French menu printed in English seems to be complete, it is *Langan's*-like in parts, albeit on a much smaller scale. A char-grilled sirloin, herb basted, to one's choice, is served, as are all mains with sweetcorn pancakes and a vegetable selection, for £8, I enjoyed a terrine of vegetables (£1.90), which came up, Cassata-like, in three colours, resting on a cushion of mayonnaise. It was followed by ruffled eggs ('Harry Scramblers' creamed with smoked salmon on toasted muffin) priced £3.30. Special omelettes are £4.50-£5, British full breakfast at any time of day £3.40, Norwegian prawn salad £4.20, sea bass, at the day's market price, Dover sole £11.50, and scallops tossed in butter, £7.70. And what's more you can watch those lovely girls swimming at your feet in the heated pool at no extra charge!

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN FOSTER

Sexual athletics were featuring in the Olympics for the first time, and Ko was determined to win a medal for Russia. But he and his partner had to invent a special routine. Then inspiration struck him . . .

GOLD LUST AD 2020

Fiction by Patrick Monk

Ko was very proud of his erection. The audience obviously liked it too. There was a ripple of applause as he stood there naked, flexing his muscles.

Ming was on the opposite side of the arena. Her small breasts, tipped with dark, stood out in symmetrical precision. Ko had always liked those breasts. They had a special firmness that ensured they would always be in the exact position he expected, no matter how fast the move or difficult the position. He could depend on those breasts.

Ming raised herself on her toes, then nodded to him. She was ready.

Ko took a deep breath, and then started

forward, his erection held out before him like a javelin. At the other end of the arena Ming started her run towards him too, a series of graceful athletic bounds on her long, long legs. They hit the two springboards at exactly the same instant, and launched themselves into the air.

Timing was everything. Ko threw his body up, somersaulting for the height he needed. This was their *pièce de resistance*, and he had to get it right. He went over, once then twice, conscious of Ming's body already unfolding beneath him.

Her low single somersault sent her thudding into the landing mat feet ahead of him. Her body held its place, her legs wide open in a vee that gave him a perfect target area bounded by the fringe of her trimmed pubic hair. She held her hips high to allow him a vertical approach.

Ko unfolded neatly from his second somersault, dropping straight over her body. He did not even have to look. His elbows smacked the mat inches from her head. His erection thudded home into her perfectly prepared opening. There was a perceptible slap as his pubic bone met hers.

The audience was silent for a second, then they were on their feet in thunderous applause. This was what they had paid so much to see. This was athletic sexual brilliance.

Ming and Ko held their fully locked position while the electronic meter checked the depth of penetration.

'Perfect entry,' she whispered excitedly into her ear. He smiled too. It had been very good.

The judges agreed. As the couple unwound on the floor the marks rattled up – 5.8, 5.8, 5.9, 5.8, 6.0, 5.8, 5.9.

The applause grew. It was definitely the winning mark. Ming and Ko smiled shyly at each other.

* * *

They were duly declared the champions of the 2020 Russian Sexual Athletics Competition. It was the crowning glory of their career so far, but more importantly it was the springboard in their quest for an Olympic gold medal.

All their efforts were concentrated on the 32nd Olympiad which was due to be held later that year at Bangkok in Thailand. As host country, the Thais had taken up their option to introduce a new sport to the Olympics, and bearing in mind their own erotic heritage they had picked the rapidly expanding field of sexual athletics.

It was a recent invention, but it already had an avid, if exhausted, band of followers.

The Russians, after an initial puritan reluctance, took to the sport with the true zeal of dedicated winners. They were determined that whenever the first Olympic golds were handed out the world would at last be forced to hail Soviet citizens as great lovers too. Deep inside their Slavic hearts they were fed up with stirring tales of French and Italian amour.

So with traditional Russian thoroughness they searched the length and breadth of the Soviet Union for dedicated sexual performers who could both make the earth move, and swear undying allegiance to the KGB.

There were, of course, some early setbacks.

They picked out a convicted sex offender only to find that at a crucial point in a competition he ignored his partner, leaped the audience railings, and impaled the buxom daughter of the Communist Party General Secretary. He was immediately banished to Siberia, but there was one consolation. The girl herself was now developing into a medal-winning sexual athlete.

Ko always smiled when he remembered his own selection. He was very young at the time, precocious but with an inspired obsession for sex. He had been ecstatically and noisily pleasuring the delighted daughter of the mayor of his Ukrainian home town when it happened.

The girl had peasant's stubby legs, with a thick behind and large full breasts. As he pulled and smoothed her nipples she squealed delightedly, then as he thrust into her she stuck out her legs rather too energetically. Her foot caught her father's prized crystal decanter on the table nearby, and sent it crashing to the floor.

Seconds later her father burst in, and Ko, still naked, had to jump out of the window and run.

What was remembered by the mayor, and indeed by the whole town, was that not once during the chase down the main street had Ko's erection subsided. Word was sent to Moscow, and within a few weeks he was whisked off to join the sexual squad.

Ming's selection was different. She was a young ballerina at the Bolshoi who proved, after too much vodka at a drunken party, that she could dance an entire *pas de deux* from Swan Lake whilst impaled on her partner. It showed exactly the stamina, inventiveness and sheer disregard for safety that a sexual athlete needed. Once her boyfriend had recuperated in hospital he immediately recommended her for the team.

Now Ming and Ko had been together two years. They knew every inch of each other's bodies, and in the name of sport they had experimented with every conceivable position. To their fans they were known as the Kama Sutra Contortionists – the best.

But now Ko was just a little worried.

It had been an ordinary workout with Ming, fifty-two minutes into the hour-long warm-up session, and moving slowly inside her he had, just for a second, become the tiniest bit bored. It was only a momentary lapse in concentration but he remembered it vividly. His mind had never wandered before, but this time he had actually thought about what sort of new boots he would buy.

Ko shook himself. He mustn't dwell on it. There were just three and a half months left to the Olympics, and his determination had to be faultless.

Perhaps they needed a new routine, a new spectacular stunt. That was it. The old double-somersault and penetration was getting too well-known. They must find a new speciality that would remove any chance of boredom, and stun the opposition.

Ko was idly pondering the problem when suddenly an old-fashioned Foxbat trainer shot across Red Square, disappearing in a jet flurry behind the palace roofs. In the back of Ko's mind a boyhood memory clicked.

He remembered the jets that had practised over the Ukrainian plain. They had played a secret and deadly game. They would fly straight at each other, flicking their wings through ninety degrees at the last minute. Why not adapt the idea, he thought excitedly. It would certainly thrill the crowd.

In the same instant he had the name. A Flying 69, that was what he would call it.

He rushed off excitedly across Red Square to tell Ming the good news.

* * *

'You've got to be joking.'

Ming was not as enthusiastic as Ko had hoped.

'You expect me to somersault in the air, and somehow co-ordinate with you upside down? A 69 in mid-air?'

'It will require perfect timing,' said Ko.

'It'll require a miracle,' Ming replied angrily.

She would have stormed off at that point, but they were mid-way through a warm-up session, and she was pinned under him.

Ko lowered his voice to avoid giving away the secret of his idea to the other five pairs of sexual athletes who were also limbering up.

'It's simple,' he whispered. 'That's the big advantage of it. We both use the same springboard. You go off just before me, and when

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Gold Lust

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you're 180 degrees into the somersault I leap up and join you. We go over once together – head to toe in the 69 position, and then you drop clear, and I complete one more somersault on the way down.'

'But that means two somersaults each. And what am I supposed to do in mid-air? A complete blow-job?'

'No. I think that would be asking too much,' conceded Ko. 'I think, say, just one lick each. An electronic sensor ought to be able to pick that up.'

'You're out of your mind.'

He quickened his thrusting. Hard, hard, hard.

'Just think,' he whispered enticingly. 'It would make the gold medal certain. You'd be given the order of Lenin as well. No trouble.' He gasped and stiffened inside her. He could feel her spasms start. She pulled him to her. 'You realy know how to win a girl round'.

* * *

They planned it together for days, working out trajectories and flight paths, but eventually they had to put it into action. The first try was bound to be the most dangerous, and they arranged thick matting all over the floor of the practice room to try and cushion their fall. It was the best they could do. They knew that only in mid-air would they discover whether their calculations had been correct.

There was a definite tension in the room as they limbered up. Their coach looked on apprehensively as they flexed their legs, and indulged in a little foreplay to get into the right state.

Then they were ready. Side by side, facing the springboard.

'Good luck, my love,' said Ko gently.

Ming looked at him without replying. She touched his erection briefly in a ritual sign, and then she bounded forward. At her third pace Ko started his run, She hit the springboard, and went high, very high, perhaps even too high. As she started to turn in the air Ko was driving himself into the springboard, and launching up.

It could have been good. It could have been very good. Ko headed neatly for the turning triangle of her public hair. He aimed to tuck himself into her somersault, and for a second he thought it was going to be fine. But perhaps the height of her jump had been just a little too great, or the speed a little too fast. Ko leant forward, and buried his face in her flying public hair, but when Ming tried to do the same some misjudgement of pace pushed Ko forward, and she suddenly found she had him hard in her mouth. It might, of course, have been an added bonus, but it fatally wrecked all their carefully-laid plans.

Spinning quickly, Ko found he couldn't break out of the somersault, especially with his member so firmly lodged.

Ming tried to jerk her head back far enough, but she couldn't spit him out. Ko couldn't decide whether to panic or come.

They fell sharply towards the mat, a mass of flailing limbs heading for disaster.

There was a terrible jarring crunch. It was only by an extraordinary effort of will that Ming didn't snap her teeth together on impact, and cut off Ko's sexual career.

Then there was blackness.

* * *

Colonel Jakotov, KGB overseer of the national sexual athletics team, was definitely not a happy man.

It was only six weeks to the Olympics, and his pride and joy, the team that would sweep the board, was missing its star member.

He cursed Ko for a fool. It was a stupid idea. And now Ko was flat out in the Anna Karenina Hospital for Sexual Neuroses. The greatest star of Russia's sexual team was lying there pink and flaccid, all over. His member which had been in a state of permanent erection for years now could not raise a whimper. He was impotent.

In two nail-biting weeks they had tried everything. Ming had pirouetted and performed naked in front of him, but nothing had stirred Ko's interest.

They had tried a different woman. Russia's most celebrated film beauty had been persuaded to strip in front of Ko for the good of the cause, but Ko had barely opened his eyes. A front row of the Bolshoi had agreed to sit naked all over him, but he had only complained of hair in his eyes.

They had even tried pornography. A film of unsurpassed filth had been smuggled out of Sweden by the KGB, and Ko had simply slept through the whole showing. The film was now in regular use at Praesidium meetings, but that was not the point.

Jakitov sat back. He would have offered himself on a plate if it could have helped. But he hardly thought a paunchy 52-year-old colonel was Ko's type. The sight of his naked body would only be likely to induce nausea. Besides, Ko must have seen so many naked bodies throughout his career. Jakitov could hardly blame Ko if he'd seen enough naked flesh to last a lifetime.

The idea that suddenly came to him was very simple. Beautifully simple. He played it around in his mind for a while till he was satisfied it would work. Then he smiled.

He would invite the Praesidium to watch.

* * *

Ko stared blankly at the white wall opposite. He had been sitting like that for days. Every so often he thought about his past conquests, all the women he had pleasured. It was an honourable record, but now he just wanted to retire. He had had enough of the panting and the groaning and the pushing and the shoving. He just wanted some peace.

GYNAECOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS GIVEN FREE
KenPyne

The efforts of the authorities to stir him had so far been a waste of time. The front row of the Bolshoi, all naked, dancing past him, had been more ludicrous than erotic. Their breasts jiggled like demented blancmanges. They had long slim legs and fetching little nests of public hair, but as they piroutted past on pointes he would have needed a pogo stick to catch up with them. And when they sat on him they just felt bony and hairy and not much else.

As for the film star, he couldn't imagine how they had persuaded her to strip, especially as off-camera her breasts were alarmingly disproportionate, and the make-up rather too thick all over. He'd even noticed an elegant little bite-mark on the underside of her right buttock. The only amusement had been in wondering which member of the Praesidium had put it there, and what position he'd been in at the time.

Ko grimaced. The only episode that had moved him at all had been with Ming. He felt immeasurably sad that nothing about her fine naked body could stir his interest either. But he had seen it so often before that despite all her efforts gyrating in front of him he had not been able to move a muscle.

He would really prefer to be back in the tractor factory in the Ukraine where the only hole you had to fill was with a rivet gun, and every position other than the missionary was capitalist bourgeois deviation.

There was a knock on the door. Ko tensed. 'Come in,' he said irritably. What would it be this time, the Russian women's swimming team?

The door opened, and a woman came slowly into the room. She was dramatically dressed in a stunning full-length black sable coat with a matching fur hat on her head. Her blonde hair framed her pretty face. She looked superb. For a second Ko wondered who she was, then he realized.

'Hello,' said Ming.

Ko nodded. She had definitely taken him by surprise. He wondered why he hadn't recognized her straightaway, then it dawned on him that he had never seen her quite so dressed up before, so covered in clothes. He was used to the pink glow of her naked body under the arc lights of the arena. He had never realized she could be quite so . . . glamorous.

Ming came over, and stood looking down at him, a faint smile on her full lips.

'I've come to get you up,' she said. 'A special mission.'

'Everything's been tried,' Ko protested. 'It won't work.'

'This time you'll beg,' she replied.

Ko stared at the ceiling, but Ming just smiled. Slowly she began to undo the buttons of the long sable coat, and Ko couldn't help watching.

For a second he thought she would be naked underneath, or at the very least be displaying a dramatic cleavage. But instead she was

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Sexual Athletics

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wearing a long black evening dress with a high, almost prim, collar. It rustled quietly and expensively as she moved. All those familiar angles and shapes and softnesses were there, but they were so well hidden. He had to concede it was different.

Ming leaned forward, and removed the sheet that covered him. Ko looked down at the naked body he had seen so many times before. The only difference was the absence of the usual rampant truncheon lying along his stomach. Instead, he was shrivelled and pink and really rather small. Like an uncooked canelloni.

Ko waited. He thought that Ming would start to strip, and he decided it might be interesting. All those clothes. But it would be no good in the end.

Instead, Ming took the luxurious coat, and began to put it on him. Ko stifled a protest. She was trying her best.

He had to admit it was a new sensation. Soon he was encased in black sable, the coolness of the expensive lining against his skin. He felt dressed up too. It was an odd experience.

Ming smiled at him.

'We've seen a good deal too much of each other lately. Let's be secret,' she said, and gently moved her hand to close his eyes.

Ko waited in the darkness, all his other senses attuned. He heard the rustle of Ming's dress. Was she taking it off? Then he felt her sit along the side of the bed. She took his hand, and slowly introduced it under the flowing skirt. She was still dressed then. He felt her leg then her trim ankle covered in the sheer silk of the stocking, warmth through coolness under his fingers. She held his hand very still, just touching her while the senses in his fingertips started to come alive.

Then she took his other hand, and traced it with infiinite slowness down the graceful side of her neck, across her shoulders, and over the gentle swell of her breasts. What did he feel? He felt just a hint of their firmness, and nothing else. They were too well encased. It was most frustrating.

'They're in there somewhere,' she teased. He increased his pressure. He knew those breasts so well. Where was the stalk of her vivid nipple that sprang to attention so quickly in their practice sessions. It had to be there somewhere.

'Naughty, naughty. This one's about patience,' she rebuked.

She removed his left hand, and instead let his right hand begin a slow slow slide up her leg. He felt the smoothness of her stocking, the swell of her calf, the firmness of her athletic muscles underneath. She limited his progress. It was infinitesimally slow, a journey of re-awakening nerves and sensations. By the time his hand began to cross the softer swell of her thigh he was beginning to feel positively interested.

He was also beginning to feel very hot underneath all the fur. Pinpricks of sweat broke out all over his body. He felt as though he were starting to cook.

Suddenly his questing fingers slid over the rim of her stocking onto hot moist flesh, very tender and definitely damp, a little sheen of perspiration as his fingers were led upwards to her nest.

He felt a definite twitch in his equally hot groin. By some sixth sense Ming leant over and kissed him fiercely, a lover's kiss that was totally banned in any of their athletic routines. Her tongue entered his mouth like a swarming animal. Her juices were covering his hand and his mouth. Then she trailed her tongue away from his lips to his ear, and whispered.

'Fuck the Olympics.'

Ko opened his eyes. 'Fuck Jakitov. Fuck the KGB,' she added. 'Fuck the President. Fuck the whole Praesidium.'

Ko looked at her in shock.

'Fuck me,' she said emphatically. His member jerked, it was a call to arms. She pulled his hand onto her wet pants, and his member jerked again. She was so juicy, and there were no judges anywhere to be seen. She wanted him, not Olympic glory.

His instrument started to rise in a familiar way. Ming squirmed her yielding crack against his hand. He felt the soft flesh give underneath.

He reached for her pants to draw them down. 'No,' she said, stopping him. 'This one's for us. Fully dressed.'

She moved herself astride the undeniable bulge in the fur coat. She settled herself over him, letting her dress cover it all.

Nothing could be seen. It was still all touch, and only then did she release his pulsing cock from the fur coat.

As they kissed hungrily and happily she guided him up past the edge of her pants. It was hot and dark and very very sweaty, but no judge could conceivably analyse the angle of penetration, and no electronic meter could check the depth.

Ko felt her softness, and then an incredible warmth as he was eased inch by inch into her. Ming gasped. How she wished it had been like this before. She thought she would dissolve into heat and juice, and flow over him. She hated the Praesidium with all her heart. She wanted him for herself. This was for both of them.

As he moved inside, Ko brought his hand round onto her bottom underneath her pants. He gouged his nails up hard, leaving marks that would have lost them points in competition.

His other hand pummelled at her encased breast, feeling the aching nipple fight its way through the folds of the dress. It was all a fight, a straining, pulsating, unstoppable fight for pleasure.

There was no stopping this. Underneath the clothes he felt only sweat and heat and need. Her buttocks slid and jumped in his hand as he thrust upwards into her, and she, breaking all the rules, ground them back at him in a desperate and untimed response.

'Oh, Ming,' he whispered in her ear.

'Ko,' she panted back.

'Ming,' he echoed again. Her name was everything as her tunnel contracted and pulled sweetly at him.

'Ko,' she cried, her breath catching in her throat.

And then it all coalesced together into an explosion of names and juices and sweaty thrilling spasms.

'Ko. Ming. Ko. Ming,' they cried at each other.

'Koming, Koming, coming, coming, coming . . .'

He thrust up so hard that she was lifted clear off the bed, her skirt still flowing around them. His climax started deep inside him, shooting forward and up as she trembled and collapsed over him.

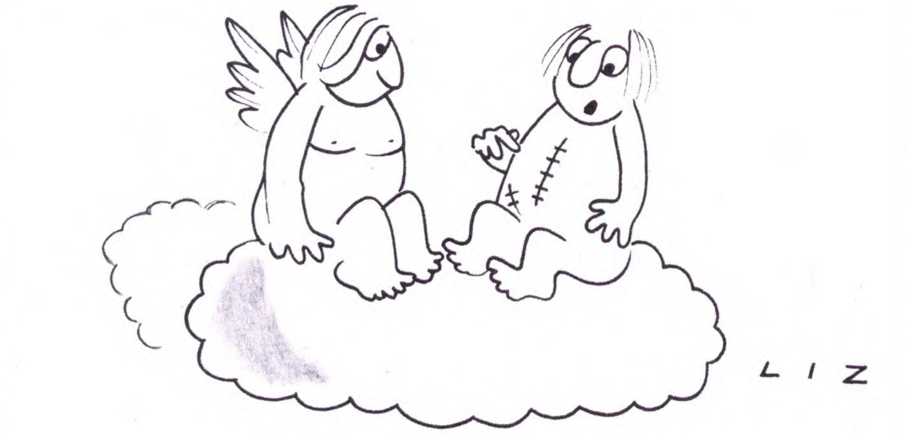
As they collapsed back onto the bed she kissed him long and hard. This was their moment. Their own private fuck after years of state-controlled fucking. It wouldn't matter if they never competed again. No-one could take this away.

* * *

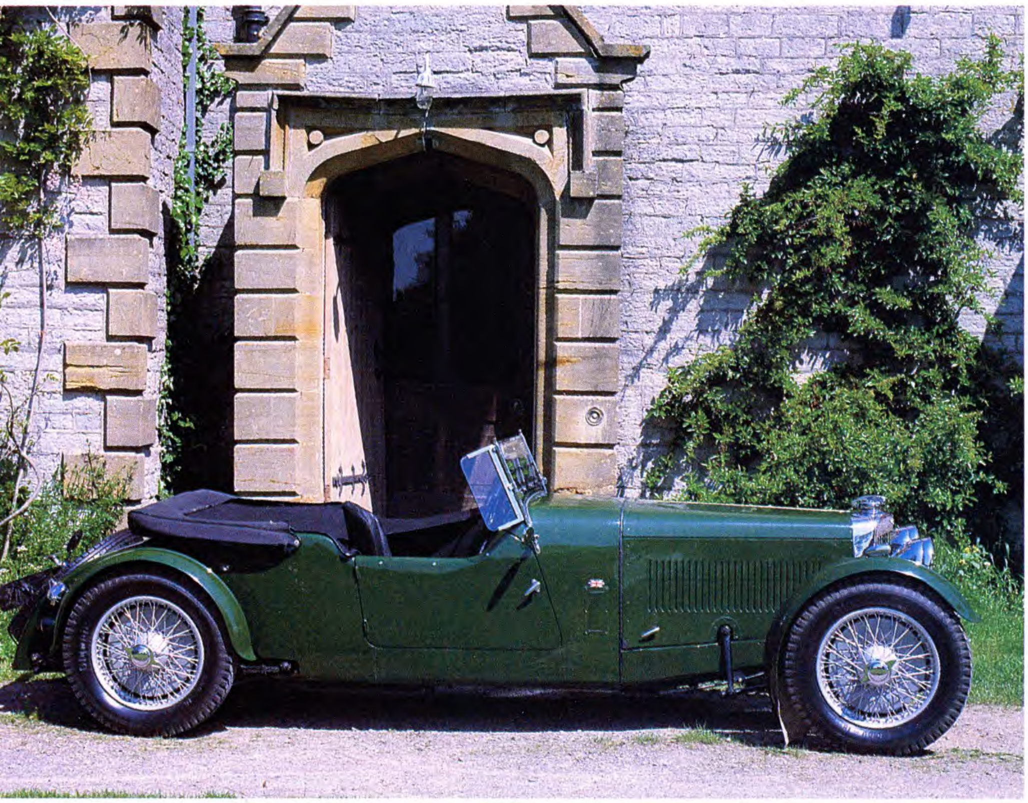
Behind the two-way mirror Jakitov smiled contentedly. It had been a great performance. A few lies, and Ming had done exactly as he wanted. Now he had back the prize member of his team, and they might even start a new discipline in competition. The fully-dressed fuck. Perhaps they could even manage it in spacesuits.

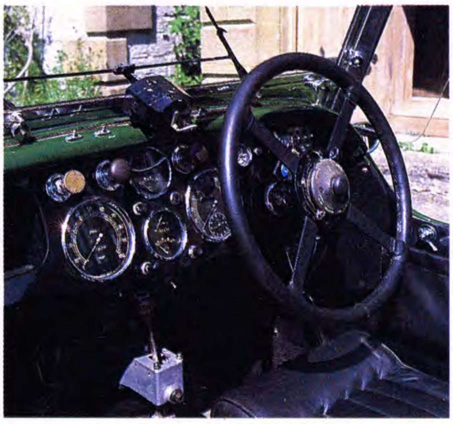
He turned to the other watching members of the Praesidium. They dragged their eyes from the prostrate couple on the hospital bed. Slowly they lifted their hands, which had been buried in their laps. Red-faced, they saluted him.

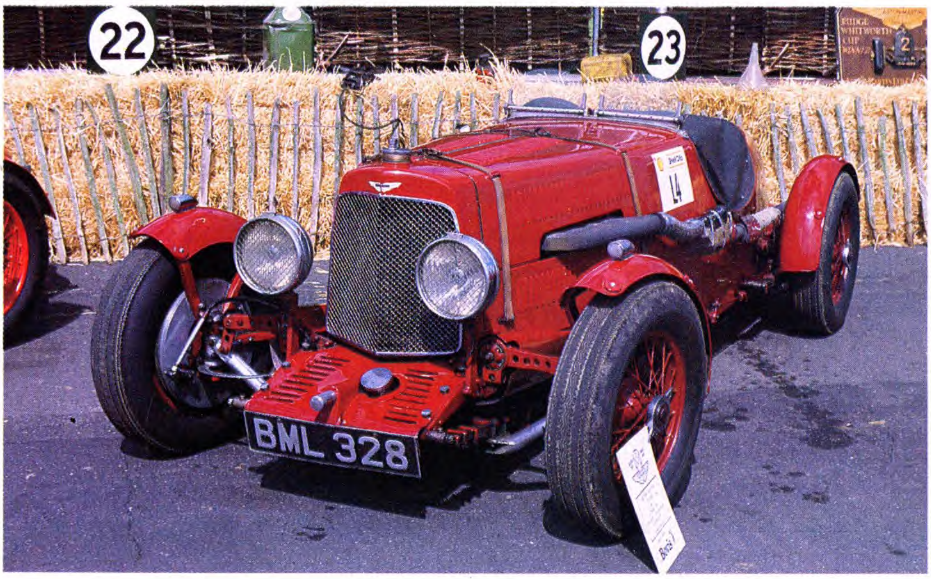
It was going to be all right. Russia was going to come out on top after all.



'And this one is my post mortem scar.'







Right: A 1½-litre Aston Martin Mark II made in 1934. This example of the four-seater tourer is owned by Brian Webster of Castle Cary in Somerset. In 1935, this model was a costly £610, but each one was practically custom-built. Above and centre left: Two views of a 1934 Aston Martin Ulster with a top speed in excess of 100 mph. This one was raced by Fotherington and Appleton. Centre right and two pictures top left: The Mark II from inside and out.

Although today the Aston Martin name is synonymous with the sophisticated sports car, before the Second World War their models were a good deal more basic. But what they lacked in refinement, they made up for with successes on the track

Early Astons-a race apart

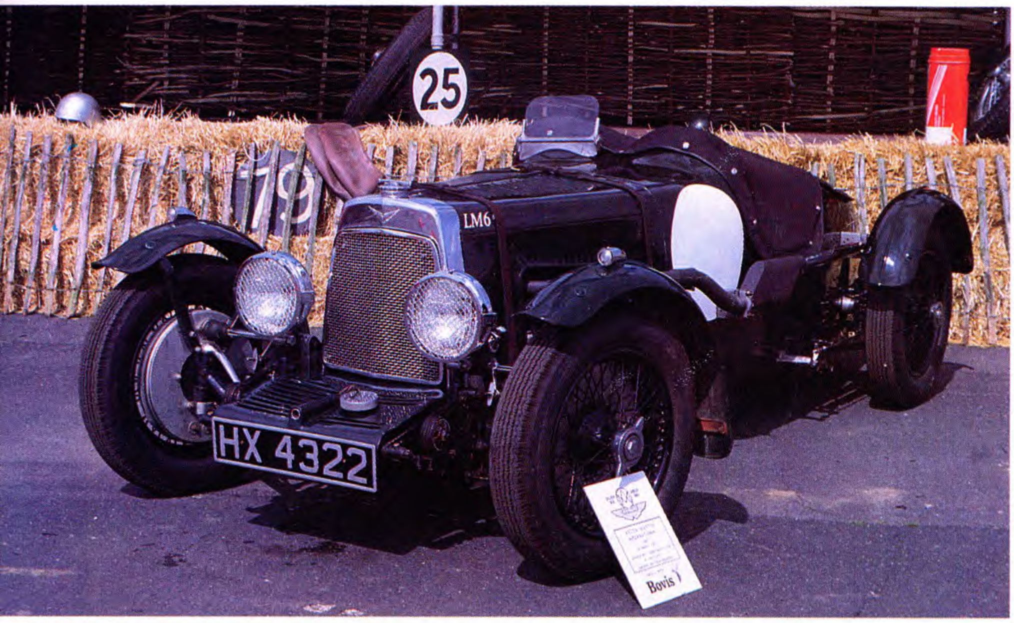
Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

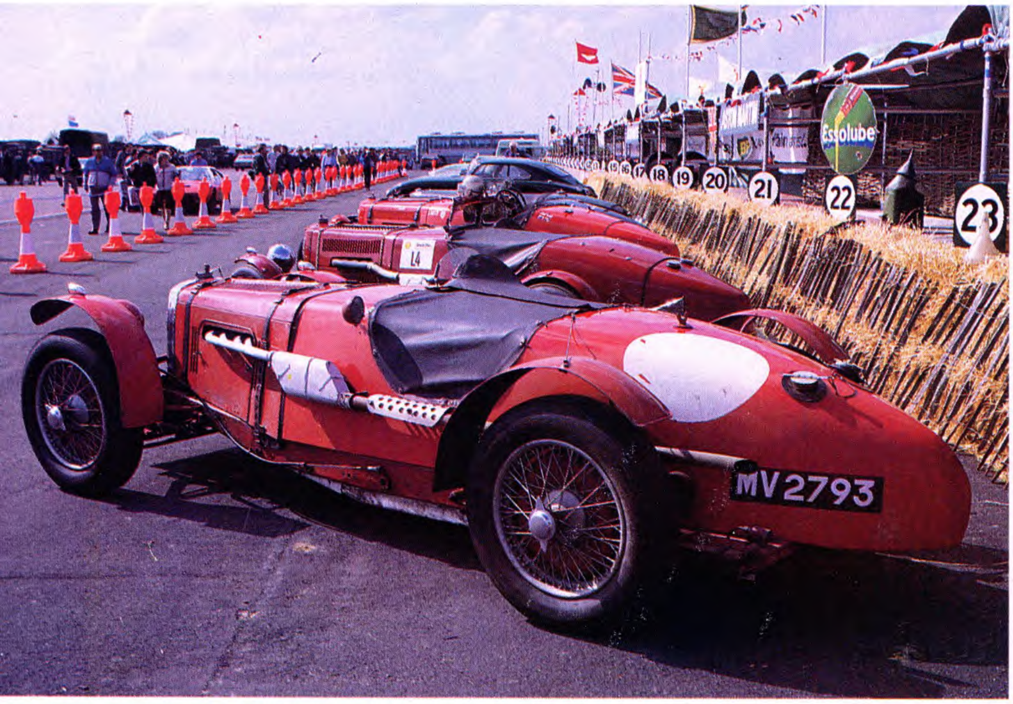
The Aston Martin has always been an interesting motor-car. It ranks with the Bentley, Lagonda, Alvis and Frazer Nash as one of Britain's truly exclusive, high performance cars, and in some ways it is more individualistic than any of these. The reason? The Aston was conceived to high ideals, and has remained so ever since.

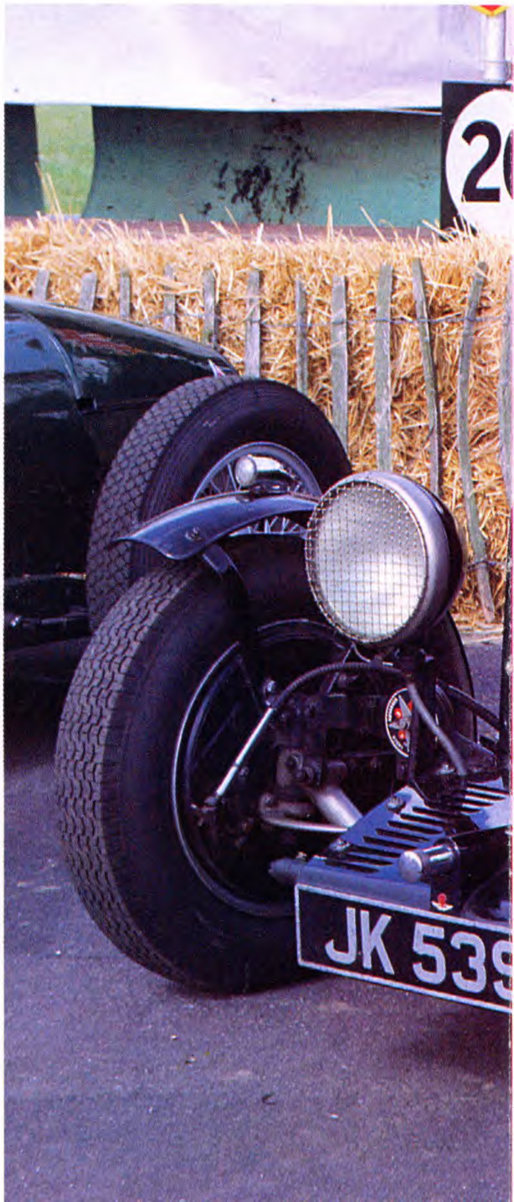
The first models of the breed were built in very modest numbers by cycling Etonian Lionel Martin. Martin might be described as a gentlemanly playboy whose love of the open road overruled his business interests, which embraced tin mines in Cornwall and quarries in Lincolnshire. No engineer, he nevertheless liked motor-cars, and for this reason opened a small garage business in the Fulham Road in London. Martin had enjoyed competition successes in a little Singer Ten tuned up with the aid of his works foreman, Jack Addis. This must have helped him to sell these Singers, for which Martin held an agency. But he had higher ideals than that. After being joined by a practical engineer called Robert Bamford, he formed the firm of Bamford and Martin Ltd, took workshops in South Kensington, and set about the ambitious task of producing the world's finest sporting light-car.

That was in 1913, and, with war looming, the partners got down to making their cherished prototype. They used outside suppliers, the engine a 1,400 cc Coventry

Simplex, the gearbox and other transmission parts coming from Wrigley's, and all assembled around an aged Isotta-Fraschini chassis. But the 1914/18 hostilities interrupted this noble work: Martin, using the prototype as transport, going into the Admiralty, Bamford into the ASC. The tiny works was shut down, the machine tools sent to Kingston to help make Sopwith aeroplanes. The two men joined up again after the war, and now made their own engine, helped by a draughtsman named Robb. It was a simple but well-made side-valve four-cylinder unit of 66.5 × 107 mm bore and stroke, giving an engine size of 1,487 cc. A name being required for the new product, they thought of the famous Aston-Clinton speed hill-climb course, and presented the new car as an Aston Martin. The path of small-output car makers is seldom smooth, and there was enormous competition and many difficulties to be faced in the immediate post-Armistice years. Moreover, building in minute numbers to a high standard upped the price, and this beautiful little Aston Martin was fabulously expensive. Time was spent getting the thing absolutely right before it went into production, and three prototypes and many racing models were made before production commenced in 1922. The sports two or three-seater Astons cost £695, or £720 for a long-chassis open four-seater. Even these prices

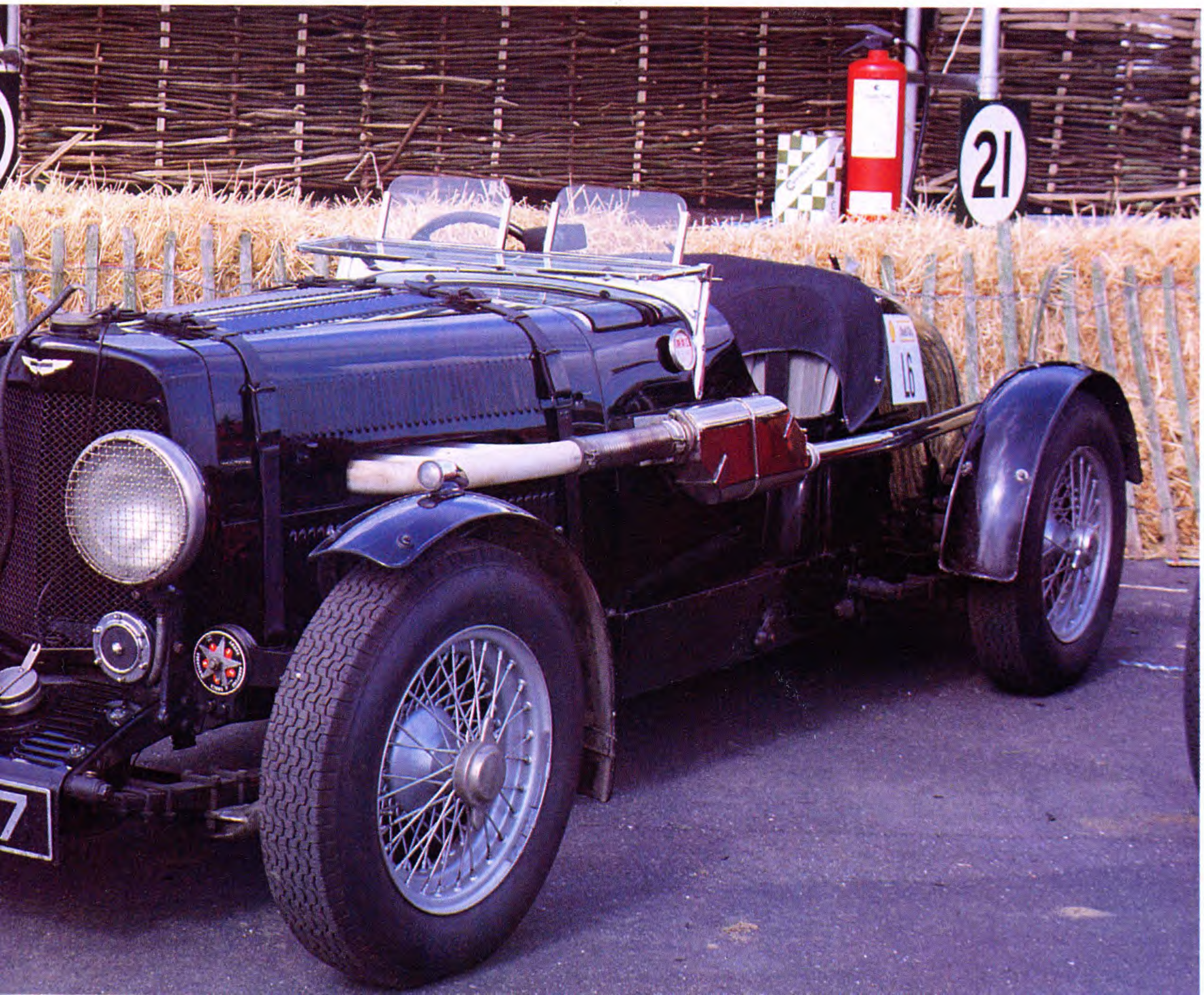






More Aston Martins, this time from the Owners Club stand at Motor 100, an exhibition at Silverstone. Right: A 1935 Ulster, once raced by Penn, Hughes and Fotherington. Above: A line-up of Aston Martin Internationals, with MV 2793 in front, seen individually in the picture above this and top right. Top left: Another International, made in 1931. Made in both closed and open body form, the 1½-litre Internationals' racing successes included Le Mans.

23
24
MV 2793



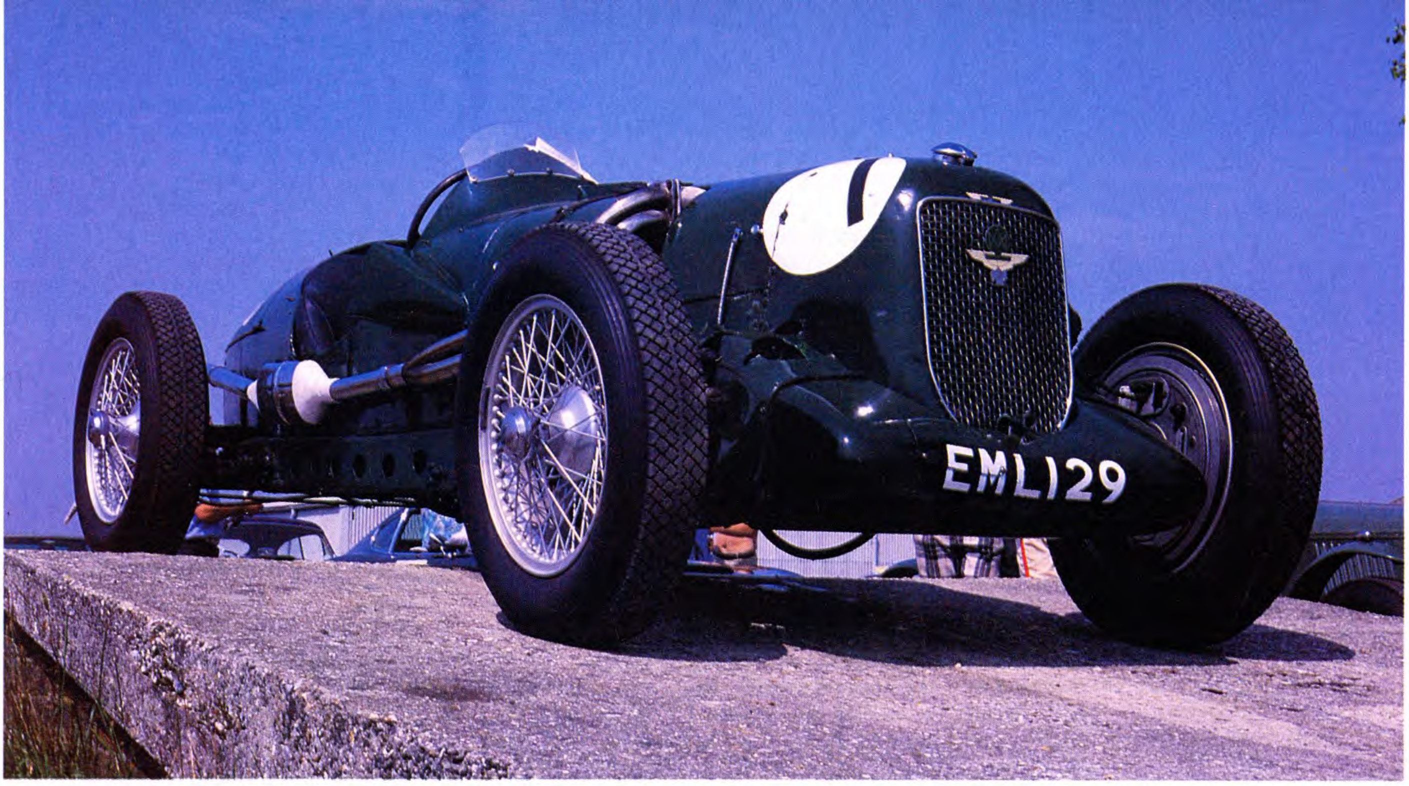
21
L6

were exceeded if special bodywork was required, the bodies being made mostly by coachbuilders like Jarvis of Wimbledon, Compton's of Hersham, Albany of Hanwell and Moss of Fulham, the last concentrating on fabric-covered three-seaters.

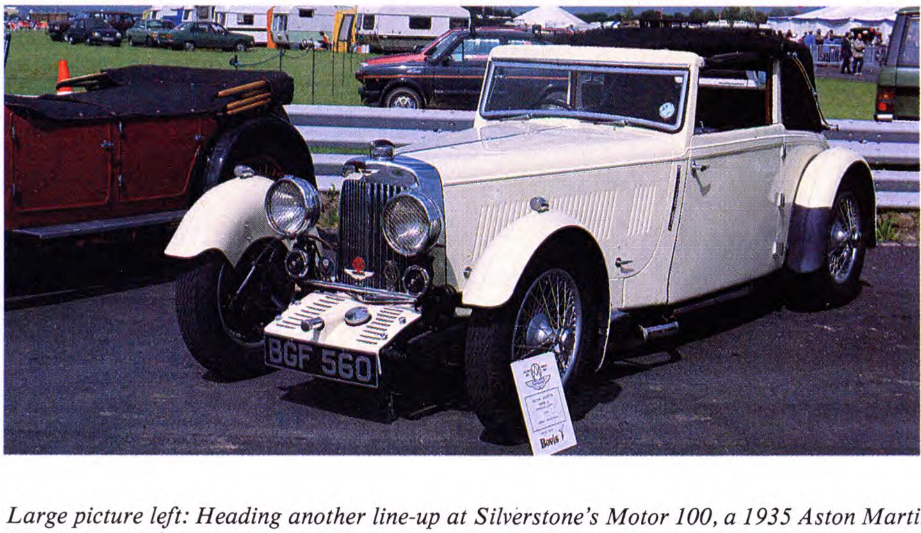
Although side-valve engines were a disadvantage when racing, the Aston Martin made a good name for itself at Brooklands and elsewhere, and although the intention to

Essolube
BML 327

22
LM17
Shell Oils
L5
Aston Martin
Shell Oils
L4
BML 327



16
JK5
BML 32



Large picture left: Heading another line-up at Silverstone's Motor 100, a 1935 Aston Martin Ulster. Top left and top right: Two views of a 1937 Aston Martin 2-litre. Introduced by Gordon Sutherland in 1936, this model was cheaper than its predecessor at £495, and sold in considerable numbers. Top centre and centre right: The Ulster once more. Above: Another Aston Martin Mark II made in 1934, still in fine condition, this time with its soft top raised.

get more speed by getting Robb to design a single-overhead-camshaft 16 valve four-cylinder engine was not a success, Bamford and Martin had a stroke of luck in this direction. The wealthy Count Louis Zborowski had earned himself the reputation of brave playboy with his exploits round Brooklands in his still legendary monster racing-car, *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang*, which housed a 23-litre Maybach aero-engine. He wanted to prove himself a proper racing driver, however, and invested a useful part of his fortune in Aston Martin. He got them to produce for him some very effective road-racing 1½-litre cars, with twin-cam engines which were really half of the successful pre-war Peugeot Grand Prix power-units, designed by Marcel Gremillon. This engine poked out 55 bhp at 4,200 rpm from its 65 × 112 mm dimensions (1,486 cc), and the chassis into which it was put had front-wheel-brakes.

The prevailing 2-litre Grand Prix formula was against these 1½-litre racing Aston Martins, and although they ran well in the 1922 French GP, driven by the mercurial Count and his engineer Capt (later Lt Col) Clive Gallop, both succumbed to magneto trouble. Zborowski was sufficiently encouraged however to take them all the way to Barcelona, where he came in second to one of the 'invincible' Talbot-Darracqs driven by Albert Divo, in the Penya Rhin Grand Prix. Apart from the team-cars campaigned for by the Count, some half-dozen of these twin-cam racing AM engines were constructed, and used without disgrace in racing cars and boats.

It would be nice to record that these carefully made, nicely conceived little motor-cars made a princely fortune for their creators. Alas, not so. There were financial problems which resulted in the company folding in 1925. Poor Lionel Martin was greatly disappointed. However, he remained a great motorist to the end, continuing to take part in competition events, and acting as an official at others. What's more he owned a large number of interesting cars during his lifetime.

The Bamford and Martin Astons could be described as virtually one-off productions, customers having the choice of much that went into them. The racing cars had neat slim radiators, the road-going models wider ones, and front-brakes were fitted to the first production car No 1919, which was supplied to a Mr Greenall. The last of the true Lionel Martin/Robert Bamford cars was actually delivered after liquidation by the new Aston Martin Company, and was No 1967, supplied from Feltham in 1926. These chassis numbers give an indication of how few side-valve models were made. On the racing side there was the celebrated *Bunny*, equipped in its day with many different power units, including one of aforesaid twin-cam engines. A very slim single-seater called *Razor Blade* with a body planned by the De Havilland aeroplane people, was also raced by drivers like Sammy Davis, Major Frank Halford (who was responsible for many famous aero-engines, including the war-time Napier Sabre and Dagger) and Capt J C Douglas. Very fast indeed as racing light-cars went, this one was intended to take the one-hour record in that category but never did, being difficult to handle, and playfully throwing off its right front tyre at full speed. There was also the celebrated *Green Pea* raced by Mrs Morgan, later given a Parry Thomas engine, but still in existence today, with a correct side-valve engine under its bonnet.

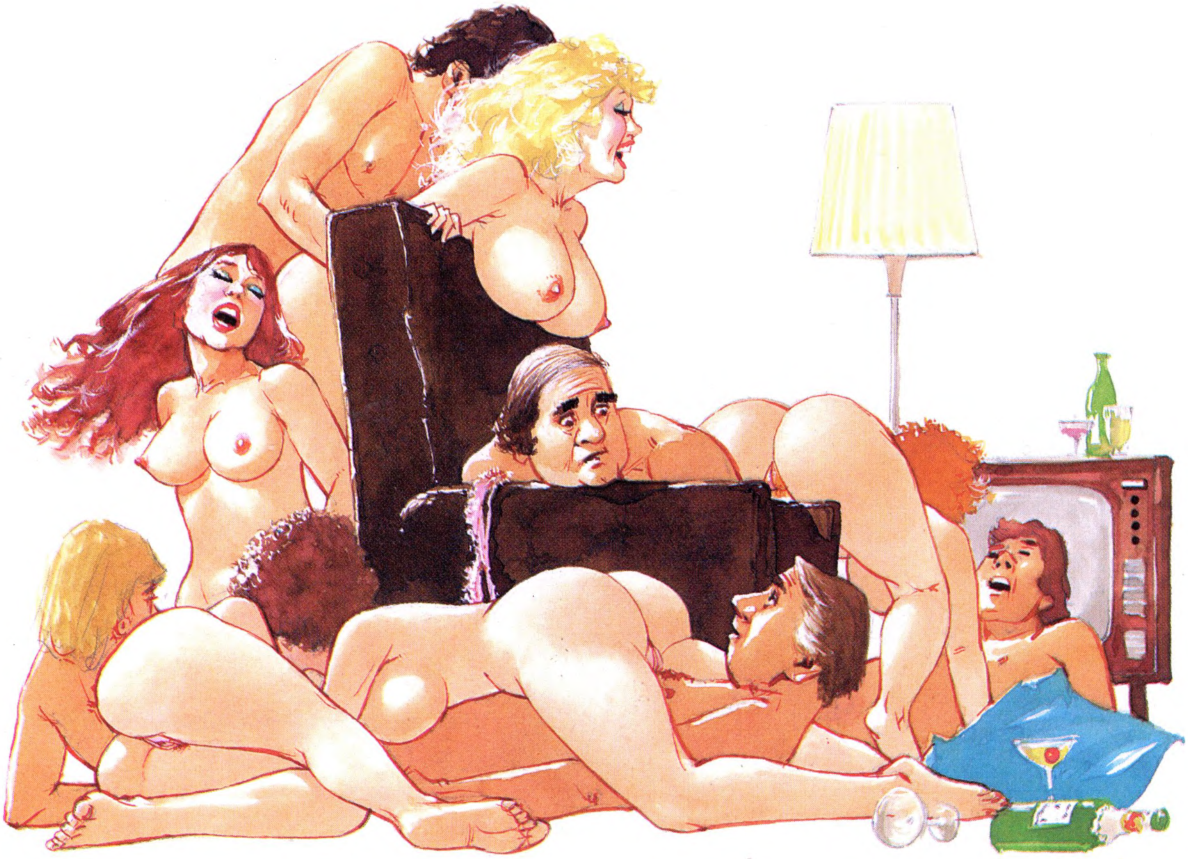
Fortunately for those who liked the idea of Aston Martin ownership, the old company was reformed by Augustus Cesare Bertelli ('Bert' to the motoring fraternity), a Welshman born in Italy. He kept the name going with a rather different style of car. Bertelli had had a varied career in the motor industry, and just at the time when the Hon John Benson (later Lord Charnwood) had put £10,000 into the ailing B & M concern, he had been testing an engine with his friend W S Renwick. The Charnwoods, father and son, decided that there was nothing to salvage from the old AM concern except the name, so decided to form Aston Martin Motors Ltd in October 1926. They were joined by Bertelli and Renwick, and Bertelli's brother Harry to look after bodywork. A factory was taken at the Hanworth Air Park at Feltham, and the AM revived in time for the 1927 Olympia Motor Show.

It was a very different car from Martin's. Bertelli used an advanced overhead-camshaft, four-cylinder, 1½-litre engine with the valves inclined in one plane, a separate gearbox, and a worm-drive underslung back axle. They were very low. So low that a dry-sump engine, with its oil reservoir between the front dumb-irons, was perhaps understandable on the Ulster model. They were maybe a shade too heavy, too complicated, but they went extremely well, nevertheless. As with the side-jobs they were made in closed as well as open-bodied form, and the International and Le Mans models were well-liked. Bertelli enjoyed racing and his Astons put up notable performances at Le Mans and in the Ulster TT, and were prominent at Brooklands and elsewhere. The International two-seater sold for £598 in 1929, the celebrated long-chassis Le Mans four-seater for £625 at the 1933 Show. But it is the handsome Ulster model that typifies the Bertelli cars best, guaranteed to exceed 100 mph, and priced in 1934 at £750. For that you got a hand-made road-equipped sports two-seater ready to race, its 69 × 99 mm (1,495 cc) ohc engine with its fully-balanced Laystall crankshaft developing 80 bhp at 5,250 rpm. The compression-ratio was 9.5 to 1, the gear-ratios 11.5, 7.15, 5.22 and 4.11 to 1, giving a maximum in *third* gear of over 80 mph, and the Rudge centre-lock wire wheels carried 18 × 5.25 tyres.

By 1935 the Mk II Aston Martin was competitive with other top-class small-engined sports cars at £610 but was still an expensive proposition. When Bertelli resigned from the company it was left to R Gordon Sutherland, an enthusiast for cars of all kinds who had come in as joint-managing director, to carry on. He developed the 2-litre car, and was able to sell it in considerable numbers, as the price had been dropped to £495 upwards, for the 1936 Motor Show. The Speed Model was given the C-type body, and something of the old tradition was retained. The 15/98 hp chassis was prepared for racing, as of yore, with drivers of the calibre of Dick Seaman to drive it. But Gordon Sutherland realised that a more simple design was needed if a realistic price and low-servicing costs were to be achieved. To this end he engaged Claud Hill, who had worked with Bertelli at Enfield-Alldays, to draw a push-rod-engined, space-frame saloon with independent front suspension. On test, over 100,000 miles, three engines were consumed, but had war not intervened this 2-litre Atom saloon might have lifted AM to new heights.

As it was, Sir David Brown took on the Aston Martin fortunes. The make survives today for your delectation. That is if you have at least £51,275 to spend on the least-expensive 5.4-litre V8 saloon.

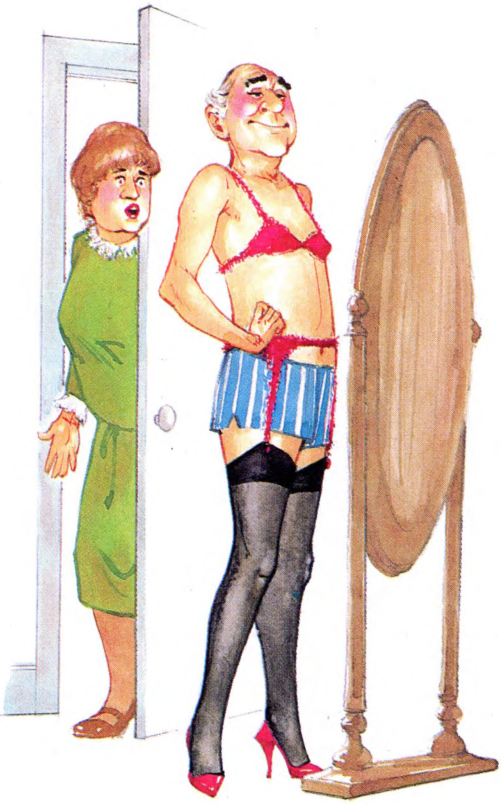
'Sorry, dear, the bumper's been playing up again.'



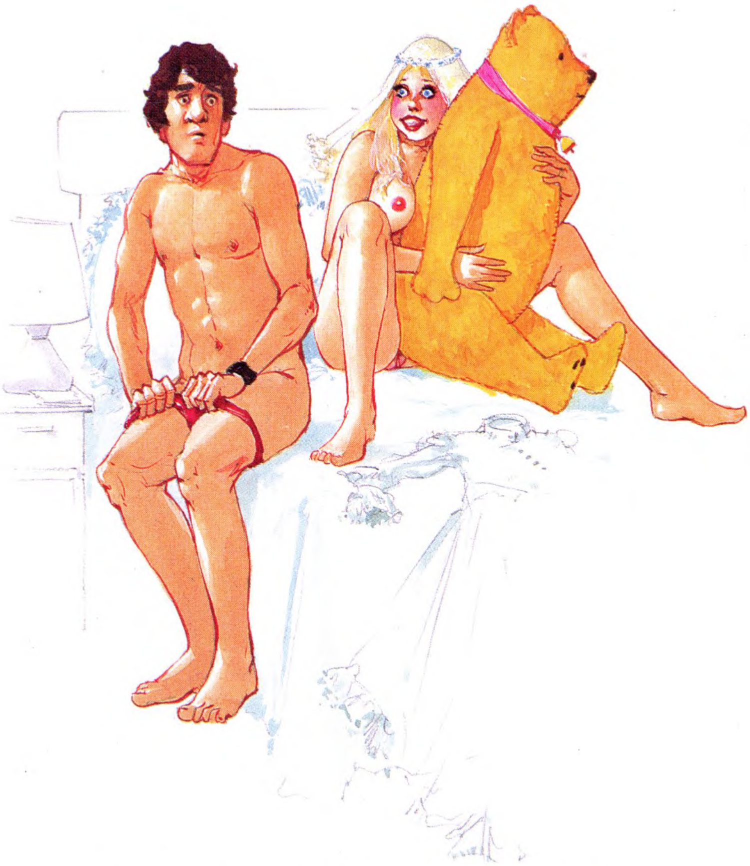
'It was my wife's idea. She suggested that we ought to get to know the neighbours better.'

FOR BETTER OR PERVERSE

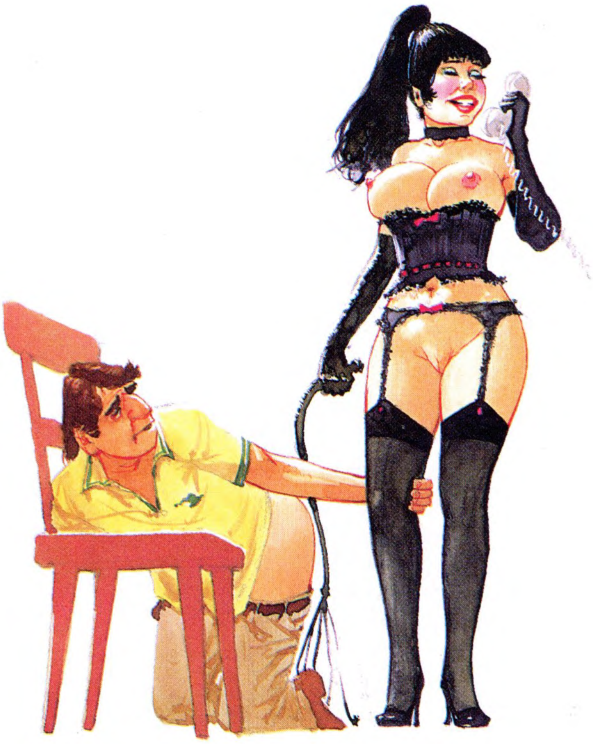
Need to spice up your sex life? Then think up a kink, says cartoonist Brian Forbes. The results may be more hilarious than horny



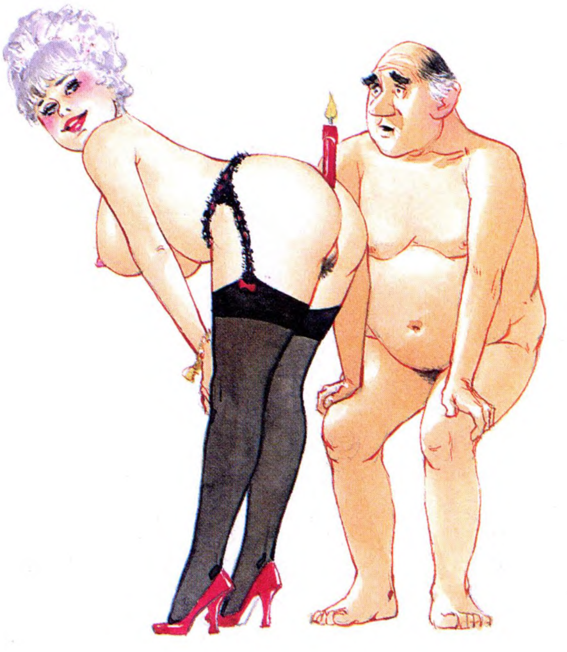
'Gerald, that silly French au pair says someone's stolen her underwear.'



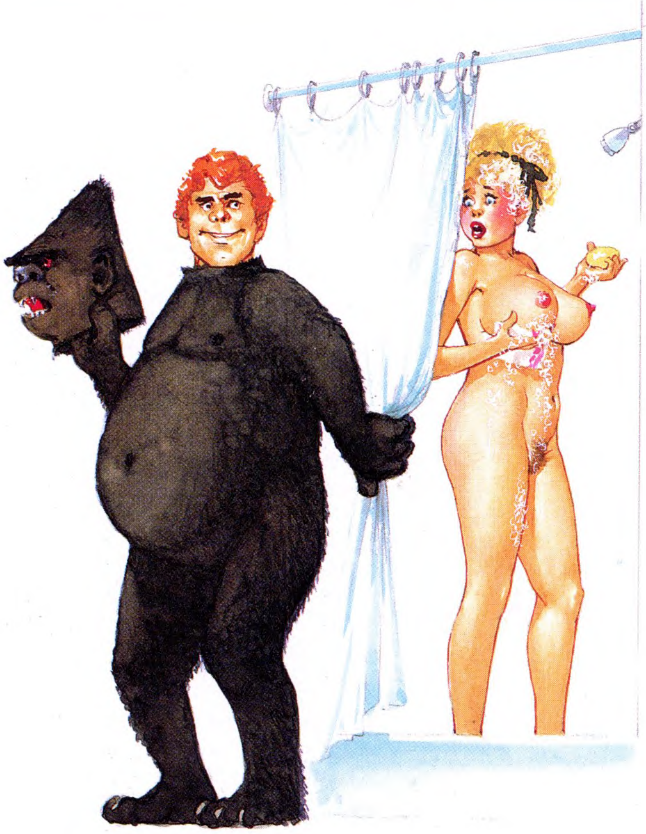
'Well, you're the one who always fancied a threesome.'



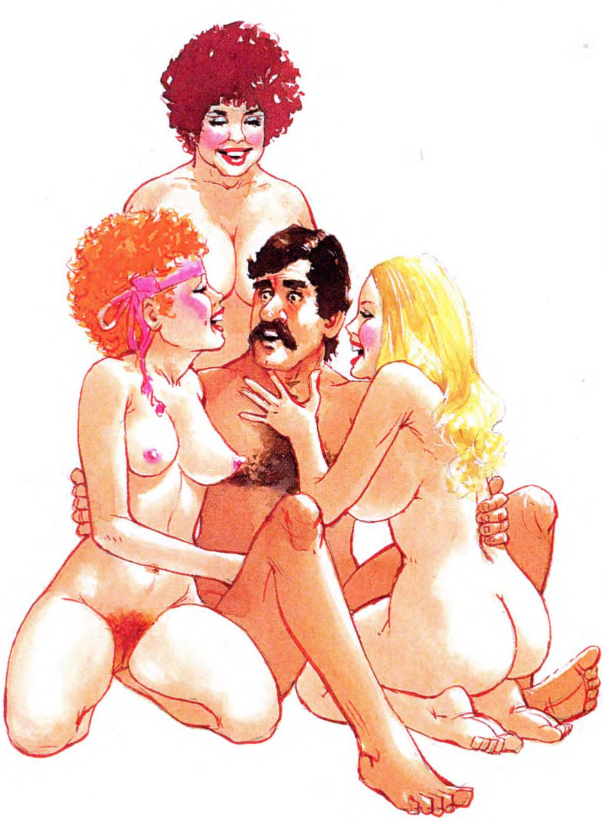
'I'll meet you at seven, Jenny, after I've whipped up something for John.'



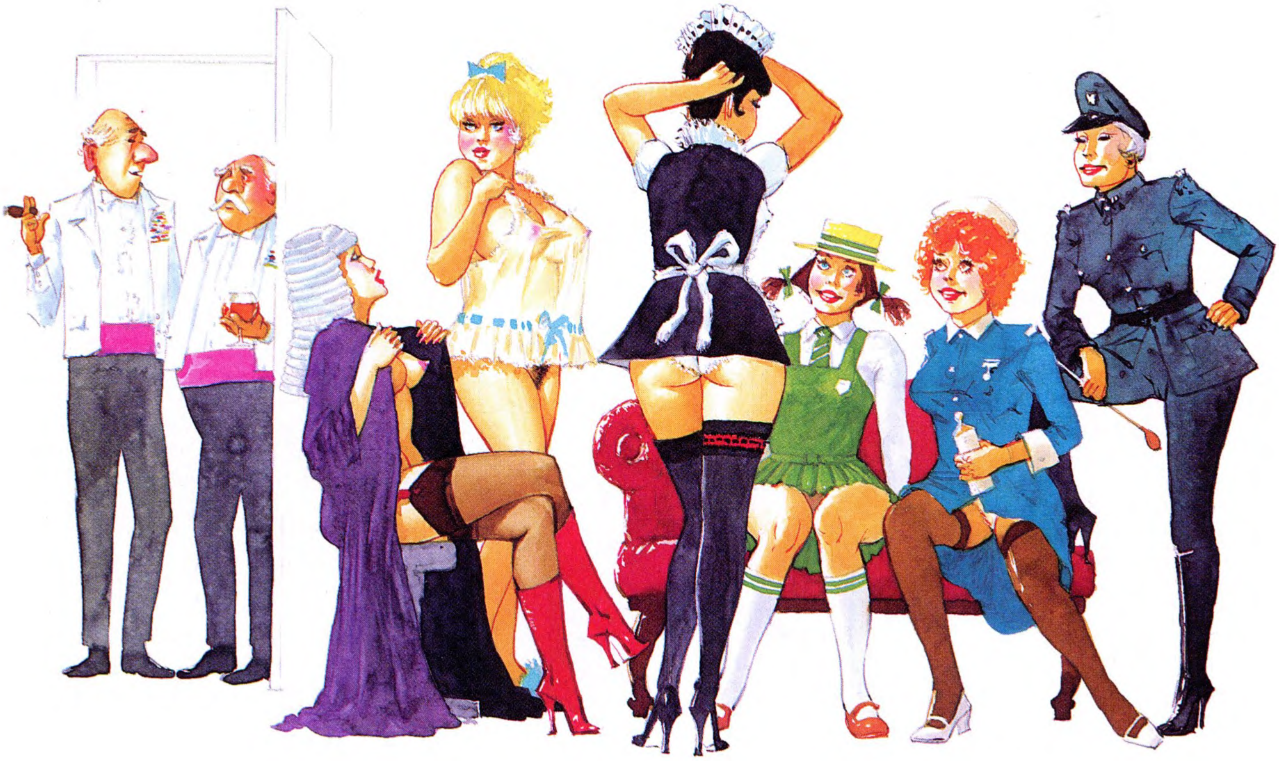
'Cynthia, this isn't my idea of a blow job on my birthday.'



'Don't be silly, Geoffrey, even King Kong didn't do it in the shower.'



'Of course your wife won't mind. She was the one who said that you need the practice.'



'And in here, Carruthers, I keep my collection of uniforms.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Past indiscretions can be harmless or potentially devastating.. This month Quest interviews three people whose guilty secrets had a crucial effect on their present relationships

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow. all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

BUILDING SOCIETY CASHIER, brunette, 32 years old, town of origin Salisbury

This interviewee married at the age of 19, and was divorced five years later. She remarried at 26.

Quest: How secretive do you think couples should be in a relationship?

Cashier: As little as possible, but everybody needs some mental privacy. I'm a firm believer in letting some sleeping dogs lie.

Quest: You're speaking about your second husband?

Cashier: It's more Chris's problem than mine, in a way, because I always felt my marriage to Andrew was a sensitive area. Chris hadn't been married before. But I've never refused to tell him anything he wanted to know.

Quest: Including sexual matters?

Cashier: Oh yes – if he asked. He knows Andy never made me come, for example. And he's been honest about affairs he's had – though that doesn't bother me so much.

Quest: Why not?

Cashier: Because the only thing that would worry me is if Chris was emotionally involved with somebody else. I've no fears about the physical side because I'm confident I can do anything as well, if not better, than any other woman he's slept with. He knows I'll do anything he wants me to. I think that's part of a loving relationship.

Quest: That would include being photographed having sex with another man?

Cashier: Well, that depends.

Quest: But isn't that a part of your first marriage you didn't reveal to your present husband?

Cashier: Yes, but he didn't ask me about that. And it need never have come up without the problem with Stephen and Carol.

Quest: Were you ashamed of it then?

Cashier: No. I've never done anything I'd be ashamed of. But I knew it was something someone close might not understand. I had enough trouble about it with Andrew, after all.

Quest: How did the situation arise?

Cashier: Andy was a very good photographer – he even sold some pictures – and he used to take lots of me. I enjoyed it.

Quest: Were these nude pictures?

Cashier: Some, yes. We had a friend called Paul who was another camera freak. Andy asked me if I'd model for both of them. I said I would, and Paul came round one Sunday. Sue – Paul's girlfriend – was coming too, but she couldn't make it in the end. It was probably just as well. I think I'd have been too self-conscious with another woman there.

Quest: And you modelled in the nude?

Cashier: Towards the end. It's not as outrageous as it sounds. Andy and I had been on holiday with Paul and Sue the previous year, and Sue and I were topless on the beach most days – we even went skinny-dipping one night. It wasn't as if Paul was seeing anything he hadn't seen before. Then Paul suggested Andrew do some poses with me – which I thought was a lovely idea. But Andrew didn't want to – he was too shy. He said Paul ought to instead.

Quest: And you agreed?

Cashier: I said I would if Paul would.

Quest: Did you think he wouldn't?

Cashier: I don't know. Paul was quite an extrovert, and we were all roaring drunk then, but it wasn't the same as our living room. I thought he was quite brave just stripping off like that in front of Andy and I.

Quest: You didn't think it odd that your husband would want you to pose with another man in the nude?

Cashier: You're much more prudish than I expected! We were just being silly. It was a joke. It *was* quite erotic but not in a sort of frantic, orgy way. It was like watching a stripper in a pub – not that I've seen that many. You'd have to be pretty hard up to get madly turned on by me dropping my knickers.

Quest: Put Paul obviously was, wasn't he?

Cashier: That was really my fault, I started messing about with my lingerie in the bedroom. I was putting on my prettiest bras and knickers and suspender belts – and Paul was unclipping my bra, and pulling down my pants, acting as if he really meant it. Then he was putting on my knickers, and *I* was pulling them off him. I told you it was silly. But I should have realised all that pawing and fondling would have an effect on a man, even if he was a family friend. I was quite naive about sex then.

Quest: Are you saying Paul got an erection?

Cashier: It happened without any warning – right from almost nothing to an absolutely rigid red *thing* sticking right up straight. I don't think it helped that it must have been a good inch longer than Andy's. I was shrieking with laughter – we all were – but really I was terribly embarrassed. I felt I'd done something awful. But Andy and Paul kept saying it was alright, it wasn't my fault, try and ignore it – as if I could ignore *that*! So we decided we'd have a cold shower to cool things down, and went into the bathroom. Andy took some pictures of me in the shower. Then Paul had a shower on his own, but it didn't make the slightest difference to his erection. It was very flattering in a way. Then Andy thought of shooting us both in a bubble bath where the bubbles would hide Paul's naughty bits. So that's what we did.

Quest: You got into the bath with Paul?

Cashier: He got in after me. I did some poses first, kneeling and bending over, and soaping myself down. Then Paul joined me, and he was soaping me.

Quest: Soaping what exactly?

Cashier: Everything. I don't remember exactly – my breasts, my back – one shot I was bending over, and he was sponging my bottom, and between my cheeks.

Quest: Didn't you find that arousing?

Cashier: Yes.

Quest: And?

Cashier: I just let myself get carried away – that was all. But what happened was almost accidental. I was kneeling in the bath with my hands and my chin resting on the end. Andy wanted me to keep my bottom as high as I could. Paul was supposed to lean over me from behind, and sponge my shoulders. But that meant he was lying more or less on top of me, and his erection ended up jammed between the cheeks of my bottom – there wasn't anywhere else for it to go. And it wasn't *just* my cheeks it was touching. Because of the angle, his length was right against the lips of my fanny – to be honest almost pushing into them by this stage. It was a very *very* sensitive position! I could feel how worked up Paul was too. Then Andy asked Paul to move back slightly for another shot, and his tip just slipped down between my lips. I must have gasped or moaned or something – I don't know what was worse, being afraid that he'd have me or that he'd simply apologise and not! But he didn't apologise. He seemed to fumble, and then his penis found my hole, and he groaned and slid into me.

> ‘I couldn't have hidden it from him. He burst in and found me in bed with Stephen and a stranger’

Quest: You didn't try to pull away?

Cashier: No! I didn't want to. I wanted to feel him, all of him, as deep in me as he could go. I didn't care about Andy or the camera or anything – then. We were gasping and moaning and splashing about – the carpet was soaked afterwards.

Quest: Did you climax?

Cashier: Yes – which is what upset Andy most. I tried to tell him later I'd just got over-excited by the whole situation, which was why I was so much louder than usual. But I'm sure he didn't believe me. He was convinced Paul could make me come because he had a bigger penis. But it really was just the situation.

Quest: So there was an awkward aftermath?

Cashier: I was embarrassed about it but I didn't feel terrible because it was something Andrew and I had shared. It even seemed to improve our sex life at first. Then he started to niggle – we began arguing a lot. Eventually he virtually accused me of being a slut which really upset me because the whole thing had been Andrew's idea. He could easily have told me to stop at any time but he hadn't.

Quest: And you feared a similar situation happening with Chris?

Cashier: Yes – when he mentioned Stephen and Carol. They were old friends of his, and I knew he'd been to bed with Carol – *after* she'd married Stephen. But with his consent. It was one of Chris's secrets – but only because I wasn't interested enough to ask the details. Until Stephen got in touch with Chris again, and Chris began hinting about ‘special’ parties they were holding, and how we ought to go along.

Quest: Do you mean wife-swapping parties?

Cashier: Mmm. I've no wild objections to them – if a couple are really secure it probably helps. But Chris and I weren't. I felt he was feeling the strain of losing his freedom. I also thought he might be feeling nostalgic about Carol. So I was lukewarm. Chris just thought I was being prudish.

Quest: But he persuaded you in the end?

Cashier: Eventually. We turned up one Saturday evening at this largish house in the country. It was quite a smart party – couples in their late twenties, early thirties. It all seemed very pleasant and normal till I began to notice people sidling off upstairs. Sometimes they came back, sometimes they didn't. Then Chris told me he was just sliding off with Carol for a while – who turned out to be much less pretty than I'd imagined! And he suggested I do the same with Stephen.

Quest: And you agreed?

Cashier: I told him I would only if he really *really* wanted me to, and he said yes. So all four of us went upstairs. Chris and Carol went in one bedroom, and Stephen and I went next door.

Quest: Did you have sex with Stephen?

Cashier: We undressed and got into bed, and did it. It was nicer, I think, than I expected. I was quite nervous, and he was very tender, and he did excite me. But I didn't climax – not then anyway.

Quest: You mean you did later?

Cashier: After Stephen had finished we just lay there dozing. Then someone else came in. It was too dark to see who it was – just that it was a man. He didn't say a word – just lay down on the bed, and sort of curled against my back, but I could feel he was naked. I thought at first it was Chris, especially when he began stroking my cheeks. I realised it wasn't when he began fingering my pussy but by then Stephen had woken up, and he started playing with my breasts and my

nipples. Talk about over-stimulation! Then I felt the other man's erection against my thigh. I might have touched him, I'm not sure. But he took that as a sign that I was ready. He turned me onto my front, lifted my bottom, and came into me from behind. Then it all got very confused. Stephen was sort of looming over me, and I had the feeling he wanted me to lift my head, and suck his penis while the other man was humping me. I was really very turned on. My head was just whirling. Ever since Andy and Paul I've had fantasies about two men making love to me at once. But, of course, Chris chose that moment to burst in.

Quest: Prepared to take part?

Cashier: Not quite! Apparently his time with Carol was a disaster, and he realised he'd made an awful mistake. So he thought he was leaping to my rescue – only to find me rolling about in bed with two men and obviously having a whale of a time. Chris was deeply shocked. It certainly changed his view of me.

Quest: For the better?

Cashier: It made us both realise what we had, and how valuable it was. I could tell Chris about that time with Paul at last. I think we concluded that some secrets – and some fantasies – ought to stay that way, for the good of everyone.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

HOUSEWIFE, brunette, 40 years old, town of origin Wrexham

This interviewee married at 18, and had two children in swift succession. She lives with her husband who is a successful businessman.

Quest: Do you feel a need to confess about your sex life?

Housewife: A small part of it, yes. The rest is really very ordinary.

Quest: You don't like the idea of keeping secrets, particularly sexual ones?

Housewife: No I don't. But if you know a secret is hurtful you don't have much choice. That's why I agreed to talk to you. At least I'll get it off my chest.

Quest: The fact that you paid a young man to give you sexual relief – to masturbate you?

Housewife: I actually paid Alan to massage me, to help a strained hip. He was a qualified physiotherapist. The other thing was – just something that happened.

Quest: But you were aware that this man offered 'other things', and these things 'just happened' quite often, didn't they?

Housewife: I'm not trying to hide anything. I let Alan do what he did to me whenever he called, except when David, my husband, was in the house. I know it sounds completely mad but it just carried on from a normal massage, as if it never occurred to Alan that I didn't want it. I'm sure if I'd said something he would have stopped. But I never did.

Quest: How did these sessions go?

Housewife: I'd get undressed, and lie on my tummy with a towel over my bottom. Alan would do my shoulders and back, my legs and ankles. Then my thighs and my buttocks.

Quest: Nothing more intimate?

Housewife: He had a way of rubbing the cheeks of my bottom together through the towel which put pressure on my – private parts. I thought it was accidental at first. Later I realised it wasn't, of course. Then I'd roll onto my back with towels over my hips and breasts. He'd do everything except what the towels covered. Then he'd go back to my breasts and massage around each of them moving in closer and closer onto my softer flesh until his hands were under the towel, and virtually covering me. He had very large hands.

Quest: And you enjoyed that?

Housewife: I love having my breasts fondled! I always have. And I suppose that was obvious to Alan because he'd caress them for hours! He used to roll them in big slow circles against his palms, and tell me it was the best way a woman my age – I was 37 then – could keep them firm and full. I could just float away when he did that – it was gorgeous. Then he'd move back to my thighs again, but moving upwards this time until he was concentrating almost entirely on the sensitive flesh either side of my crotch. The first time I got very uptight when I realised where he was heading.

> ‘At the hotel, I knew that the waiter fancied me. What happened next is my guilty secret’

Quest: Did you object?

Housewife: I didn't say anything but he went back to stroking my breasts, and told me to relax, to close my eyes, to trust him because he was the expert. Then he began again. He ended up leaning over me, kneading both thighs at once. But that meant he kept brushing my pubic mound with the backs of his hands. I could feel I was damp, and I knew he was doing things to me he had no right to do. But my feelings were so tensed up and knotted and confused. And then he did something extraordinary. It was so small, it almost seemed like an accident. But it couldn't have been.

Quest: What was it?

Housewife: He pulled one hand away, and this incredible feeling went the length of my cleft, from bottom to top, right onto my clitoris, which is tiny – even I have trouble finding it sometimes. I think he must just have brushed a finger very lightly over my parts. But the effect was like being struck by lightning! All my tensed up feelings sort of concentrated and exploded at once from my clitoris outwards – I remember bucking and gasping – I might even have shrieked out. I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt. I even had a little weep.

Quest: Was an orgasm so unusual for you?

Housewife: It was fifteen years since the last time.

Quest: I'm beginning to see why Alan proved so attractive. Was your sex life with your husband so unsatisfactory?

Housewife: No it wasn't. I admit we were going through a dull patch when I met Alan – but you don't have to have climaxes to enjoy a loving relationship. But the person who made me come the time before Alan – which was actually my first time – wasn't David.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: It happened when the children were very young. I wasn't really coping very well. David and I seemed to be quarrelling all the time. Then David was offered a cheap deal at a hotel in Wales through his work. He couldn't get away, so I took the kids. I needed the break but the last thing I wanted was another man.

Quest: Who was he?

Housewife: He was a waiter at the hotel. Younger than me, very dark and good-looking in the lean way I like. He just seemed to adopt us. I realised he fancied me, and I was flattered. I just didn't count on being so attracted to him. I thought marriage and kids made me immune to things like that which was stupid!

Quest: When did you realise?

Housewife: Very quickly. Because of the kids I had early nights, and he got into the habit of bringing up hot milk for them at bedtime. I never let him stay, because I had my own room, and it would have been asking for trouble. But I could feel things building up, and on the very last night, when I thought I'd escaped, my little girl was ill, and my waiter was really helpful. After we'd finally got her settled he offered to fetch me a nightcap. I thought it would be ungrateful to refuse. I decided exactly how friendly I was going to be, but when he came into my room, and I saw his face I knew he wanted me, and I wanted him too.

Quest: You had sex?

Housewife: I don't think either of us said a word. He just shut the door, came over and kissed me. And then we were all over each other. I didn't even undress properly. We fell onto the bed, and he pulled my knickers down under my skirt, and unzipped himself, and I pulled him on top of me, and we did it. It sounds so sordid, but it was glorious. As soon as his penis pushed into me I felt extraordinary, and as we started humping it happened. I don't know why. It was either him or the situation or a combination of things. But I couldn't mistake it. And as it reached its peak my new lover shot off inside me.

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Quest: Was this repeated?

Housewife: With the waiter? No. I was sick with guilt afterwards. I felt awful. I left without breakfast the next day in case I saw him again.

Quest: But you didn't apply your new knowledge to your marital sex life?

Housewife: I didn't really have any new knowledge. I couldn't understand why David didn't make me feel like that. I even thought about divorce. But time passed, things got better. One day I woke up and I was 36, my children had left, my husband was always away on business trips. I felt useless. Then I met Alan – and it was like seeing a ghost. He could have been my Colwyn Bay waiter ten years on. It seemed too good to be true.

Quest: How did you meet?

Housewife: At a girlfriend's. She was virtually showing him off, saying what a marvellous touch he had, and more or less implying his services didn't stop at massage. He seemed quite straight, though. And I did have a bad hip.

Quest: Did you expect to have an affair with him?

Housewife: I didn't let myself expect anything. I certainly didn't want to be like my girlfriend. She was my age, with a rich husband, very bored and always having affairs which I thought was despicable. I was fooling myself, of course. I was shaking like a leaf when Alan first called. In fact I telephoned to cancel but he'd already left.

Quest: How did you feel after that first time?

Housewife: The only thing that stopped me from being literally sick with shame was the way Alan made it all seem so normal. But in a way that was the worst part of it. I couldn't understand how he could make me feel so much without showing any emotions. It was very disturbing. I promised myself I'd forget it had ever happened, but a fortnight later I was making another appointment.

Quest: How did it end?

Housewife: I just snapped out of it, like waking from a bad dream. I suddenly saw what I was doing.

Quest: But how exactly?

Housewife: It was the fact that Alan didn't seem to get turned on. I know I was 37 years old, but I was still exposing myself to him utterly – much more than I'd ever done to David – but I never saw so much as a twitch in his tight blue jeans!

Quest: You wanted to have full sex?

Housewife: I wanted an experience we *both* felt. A reaction! In the end I had to practically beg for it.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: He came round one afternoon. Everything happened as usual, though it was getting almost pat by then. There was very little straight massage any more. He'd start with my bottom, then go straight to my breasts. It was less hypocritical, I know, but I hated him thinking he could be like that with me. Then, as he began playing with my clitoris, which was usually the point when I came, I deliberately put down my hand to stop him. He thought I'd lost my mood. He asked it I wanted him to lick me. But I said, 'Don't you ever want to do it properly, Alan?'

Quest: How did he react?

Housewife: With a big grin, and an instant bulge in his jeans. It was that mechanical. All the physiotheraphy chat vanished. 'Just give me a minute, love,' he said, undoing his jeans, 'and we'll make beautiful music. I promise you this'll feel like it's coming out of your throat!' And he was out of his pants, I'm tempted to say in a flash, and climbing onto the bed next to me, jerking his foreskin up and down. 'How would you like it then, love?' he said. 'On your back or like the doggies? We can do both if you like.' I sat up and snapped, 'I just want to hold it.' And before he could stop me I reached out and grabbed him.

Quest: Had you changed your mind about intercourse?

Housewife: It was just so clear the whole thing was a total sham, from the bouncing erection to the dreadful 'making music' patter. I'd made such a complete and pathetic fool of myself I wasn't going to make it twice as bad by cheating on David with some paid stud. So I just put my fingers round his shaft and I pulled him.

> ‘Alan's massage made me come. Now it was his turn. He taught me a lot, but I could never tell David’

Quest: You masturbated *him*?

Housewife: I'm sure he thought I only wanted to feel him at first. But then, when I jerked him more strongly, he started saying, 'Careful now, darling – we don't want to jump the gun.' 'It's alright, Alan,' I said. 'I don't mind if you do it on me. I'd like to see how much you can do.' Then as I saw his face change, and he reached down to stop me, I bent my head even quicker, put out my tongue and drew it right across the fat, shiny top of his penis. And he groaned and swore, and suddenly his shaft was jumping in my hand, and he came at once. I'd actually got Alan to lose control. And it broke the spell. I never saw him again.

Quest: Has the experience made a difference to your marriage?

Housewife: Oh yes. Perhaps it's just guilt! But I do know so much more about myself now, and my own needs. Alan gave me that, though I can never tell David.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SECRETARY blonde, 22 years old, town of origin Cirencester

This interviewee worked as a secretary for a number of estate agencies after leaving convent school, and is training to become a negotiator with a small exclusive agency. She shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Do you regard any aspect of your life as completely secret?

Secretary: Oh no, no secret is worth its salt unless you can share it.

Quest: Even secrets of a sexual nature?

Secretary: Oh they're the best!—You want me to talk about Sarah and I, and our slumming expeditions?

Quest: Are they a particular secret?

Secretary: They are at work – we're very proper there – and I can just see my father going apoplectic if he ever found out. I'd be very choosy about which friends I told. Really there's only Sarah who's safe but then it was all her idea in the first place.

Quest: What was it exactly?

Secretary: Going to really tacky pubs and clubs and discos – the sort that have tables and chairs and bodies flying through the windows at closing time. Sarah loves that sort of thing.

Quest: Why, particularly?

Secretary: The atmosphere – and the men. I'm sure her first fling must have been with some horny-handed son of toil on the family farm. According to her you don't know what sex is *really* until you've been banged up against an alley wall by some big sweaty man in overalls.

Quest: What's your opinion?

Secretary: It has a certain appeal! Not that I've ever been as bad as her.

Quest: Bad in what way?

Secretary: I don't mean so much 'bad' as uninhibited, I suppose. It's just that sex isn't a bother to her. I mean, she obviously loves it, but when she feels in the mood she just *does* something about it. I really admire that. Sometimes, though, I think she's a dreadful tart!

Quest: But you'd like to act that way?

Secretary: Oh yes! If I could do it without feeling so horribly guilty. I'm OK when I'm madly in love. But when you don't happen to be that doesn't mean you stop wanting sex. I tell you, no daughter of mine will have a convent education.

Quest: Has your friendship with Sarah helped you to overcome these inhibitions?

Secretary: Oh yes – at least when she's around! But of course I did get caught out so perhaps I'm marked for life!

Quest: Who caught you out?

Secretary: Jonathan did. But as he was doing the same sort of thing as Sarah and I it didn't count, so I was luckier than I deserved.

Quest: What happened?

Secretary: It started as a joke – a sort of semi-serious one. Sarah wanted to go back to this really sleazy disco she'd been to with a boyfriend. She wanted to find this fellow with the biggest whatsit she'd ever seen.

Quest: Was it so conspicuous?

Secretary: He didn't actually wander about with it hanging out! But apparently Sarah had pushed open the wrong door after she'd been to the loo, and found herself in an alley where this man was having some girl.

Quest: And Sarah saw his penis?

Secretary: According to her, the girl had been bending over against a wall, and the man had lifted her skirt, and been having her from behind, giving Sarah this amazing profile. Then he'd noticed he was being overlooked, but instead of being embarrassed or angry he'd just grinned at Sarah brazenly as he got on with it. Of course the girl had no idea she was giving a public performance.

Quest: And you believed Sarah?

Secretary: Oh I'm sure she could have done

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something like that. I thought it was a very fruity story anyway.

Quest: And that persuaded you to accompany her?

Secretary: It was just an excuse for going. At least there might be someone there one of us fancied. In fact we spent so long trying to find the place we almost didn't get there. When we did it was absolutely packed out – it was in a basement, very loud and virtually dark except for dim lights over the bar and the dance floor. It took ages before we could find anywhere to sit. But it really was genuine sleaze. A real mix of punks and rockers and dangerous-looking black guys. We had two or three dances each, and a couple of fellows tried to buy us drinks, but nothing really clicked. And then Sarah saw him.

Quest: Her Mr Big?

Secretary: Absolutely. He was standing at the bar, looking very tall and arrogant in these kinky leather trousers. And he did seem the sort of man who would pick up a strange woman, and just *do* her because he wanted to. But I must admit my attention was caught by the fellow with him. He didn't seem so brutally masculine but I thought he was better-looking and much more trendily dressed – he was wearing one of those loose, cotton jackets with the sleeves pushed right up which I think are very swish.

Quest: This was Jonathan?

Secretary: Yes, though he told me it was John. Sarah suddenly announced she was going to introduce herself, which I thought was pushing it, because Mr Big – his name was Danny, apparently – would only remember her from that incident in the alley. I was all for buying a drink next to them, and relying on a friendly smile – not Sarah! She breezed over and burst out, 'You're the man who likes dark alleys, aren't you?' I nearly died! But it worked – you could see Danny knew exactly what Sarah meant, though he denied it, and he obviously fancied her – and it set the tone for the evening.

Quest: An appropriately sexual one?

Secretary: I knew if I was going to be wicked it would be with someone like Jonathan. He was very fanciable. Quieter than Danny, but I could tell he liked me. Of course I didn't realise till later that he hardly knew Danny – they'd only just started chatting just before we met them. But we just became a foursome.

Quest: When did things become actively sexual?

Secretary: From the beginning with Sarah! She was all over Danny, and he obviously loved it. I needed a few more drinks and a couple of slow, smoochy numbers on the dance floor.

Quest: To do what exactly?

Secretary: We kissed and cuddled, and Jonathan fondled my bottom – I was wearing my ra-ra skirt and my pink tights, though without knickers underneath. I thought he was going to try and touch me up, but he made do with squeezing my cheeks, and pulling the gusset of my tights backwards and forward across my pussy – which was far worse! I was absolutely melting down there. At one point I had to lean on him to stop myself keeling over. Then, while we were grinding our pubes together, I felt him move in his jeans, and I knew he wasn't just messing about. I must admit I did give him a little rub.

Quest: You touched his erection?

Secretary: Only through his jeans – it wasn't that dark on the dance floor. He felt gorgeous, though it's hard to tell through trousers. I hadn't felt so wicked in ages.

Quest: Did you assume you were going to have intercourse?

Secretary: I knew if we didn't leave soon Sarah and Danny would be doing it in front of us. But I didn't realise how accurate that fear was!

> 'I'm very proper at work. I still keep quiet about my frantic session in the alley beside the sleazy disco'

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: Danny apparently had a flat nearby. But when we got up to push through the crush Sarah and Danny started going out the back way. I thought Danny knew some short cut. Of course the obvious reason never occurred to me until we were outside.

Quest: The alleyway?

Secretary: Well guessed! It really was an awful place. Piles of beer crates, dustbins, and not a very nice smell. I began to complain to Sarah but she went into an immediate clinch with Danny. All I could hear were parts of a whispered conversation. Sarah was going, 'Oh go on . . . I like it that way . . . I don't mind standing up . . . Please.' Then Danny sighed, and reached in front of his trousers, and I heard a zip.

Quest: How close were you?

Secretary: Jonathan and I were standing arm in arm next to the door. Sarah and Danny were on the opposite side of the alley – ten feet away? I'm not very good at distances. Sarah was against the brick wall with Danny leaning into her. They were close enough for me to see his trousers drop and Sarah's hands come round and dig into his underpants and pull them down. Close enough to hear how turned on she was too. She breathed, 'Oh *God* you're big! I'll never . . . no, don't stop . . .' Then she was twisting round and bending and pushing her hands against the wall. She was hissing, 'Take my pants down . . . pull them . . .' And I found myself gaping at the little pale circles of Danny's bum as he leaned over her – a bigger bum than I'd expected actually.

Quest: Did this kind of blatancy embarrass or arouse you?

Secretary: Both, to be honest. But I was more frightened Sarah's selfishness was going to put Jonathan off. Then Danny straightened up, and I heard this savage gasp from Sarah and a moan and this breathless hissing, 'Oh *God*! Push all the way in – Don't hold back – harder – oh *Christ*! Now fuck me – fuck me!' and that's when Jonathan moved.

Quest: How?

Secretary: I thought he was going off in a huff. Than I caught sight of his face, and it was so strange, almost glazed. My hand brushed against his jeans, and he was gigantic, sticking right out like a tent pole. Then I said it.

Quest: What?

Secretary: It all came out in a rush. I said, 'Oh John – fuck me – fuck me too!' And suddenly we were all over each other. It was so frenzied and incredible. We were trying to kiss and stroke and undress each other all at the same time – we just couldn't keep up with ourselves! In the end my tights were round my knees, Jonathan's pants and jeans were round his ankles. At one point I was actually astride his cock rubbing it against my pussy. But our heights were wrong to do it standing up. Then I bent over like Sarah but I was still too short for him. It was hilarious really. Finally Jonathan sat down on a beer crate, and I kicked off my tights, and sat on him. That was ideal because I'm quite small, and he did seem very big for me. But the feeling as his shiny round tip first pushed between my pussy lips, and started sliding up into me – I can't describe it. It was like one long, continuous orgasm, even before we'd started humping. And then it was twice as good, right up to the moment he let go and spurted. It was all fantastic.

Quest: But not repeated?

Secretary: Not then. I'd have loved to in purely naughty terms. But I could just see my family and friends if I turned up with some hunky disco-cruiser. Until, of course, all that backfired on me.

Quest: How?

Secretary: About a month later I went to a commercial contract signing with a client company, and we were due to be met by their new resources manager who was supposed to be something of a whizz kid. It turned out to be John – or Jonathan. When I saw him I couldn't help going bright scarlet – though he didn't bat an eyelid. Then as I was leaving he whispered to me, 'I won't tell if you won't.' And the ice was broken. I found out he'd gone to the disco for more or less the same reason I had, though he'd never been as spectacularly successful before as on that night!

Quest: So your secret was safe?

Secretary: It should be. We're doing up a flat at the moment. When it's finished we'll be moving into it together.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Invitation

Little Audrey was staying with her Uncle and Auntie. One night, she crept into their bedroom, and caught a glimpse of her Uncle's penis.
'What's that?' Audrey asked innocently.
'Um, it's the aeriel of my new radio,' replied her Uncle quickly.
'Oh really, what make is it?' she enquired.
The old man thought fast.
'It's a Sony, why?'
'That's odd,' replied Audrey with a wry grin. 'I could have sworn I heard you say it was Ferranti.'

One fine summer's morning George set off for his summer holiday. He had been saving hard all year for the trip, and was driving along thinking of the fun he would have, when he was stopped by a police patrol car.
The policeman walked around to his door, and said to George. 'I'm sorry to stop you, sir, but I thought I'd point out that your off-side brake light is faulty.'
George's reaction was dramatic.
'Oh, God! No, it can't be!' he shrieked, then burst into uncontrollable tears.
'It's nothing to worry about, sir,' said the policeman. 'I was only just mentioning it.'
But George was on the floor thumping the tarmac. 'Sir, it's only a bulb, you can get one at the next garage,' continued the PC.
'It's not that,' sobbed George. 'Where's my caravan?'

A young actor went to a theatrical doctor complaining of a rash on his genitals.
'Should I strip off?' asked the patient.
'Only if the part warrants it,' replied the doctor.

Two girls, friends since their school days, agreed to meet in their local tea shop. Mary arrived first, and sat down, waiting for Jill. Eventually she arrived. When Mary saw her, she was shocked. She looked tired, and seemed to be limping. She sat down very gingerly beside her.
'You look awful,' said Mary. 'Whatever's the matter?'
'I'm a bit sore,' said Jill wincing.
'Never mind,' replied Mary. 'You'll be better after some tea.'
'Actually, I'd rather have a cold drink,' said Jill. 'My mouth's a bit sore as well.'
'What on earth's wrong with you?' asked Mary with some concern. 'Have you got a virus or something?'
'No, it's my new boyfriend,' replied Jill. 'He fucks like lightning.'
'How do you mean?'
'He never strikes in the same place twice.'

Bad news from the Commonwealth Games for Sexual Athletes. The British team didn't come anywhere.

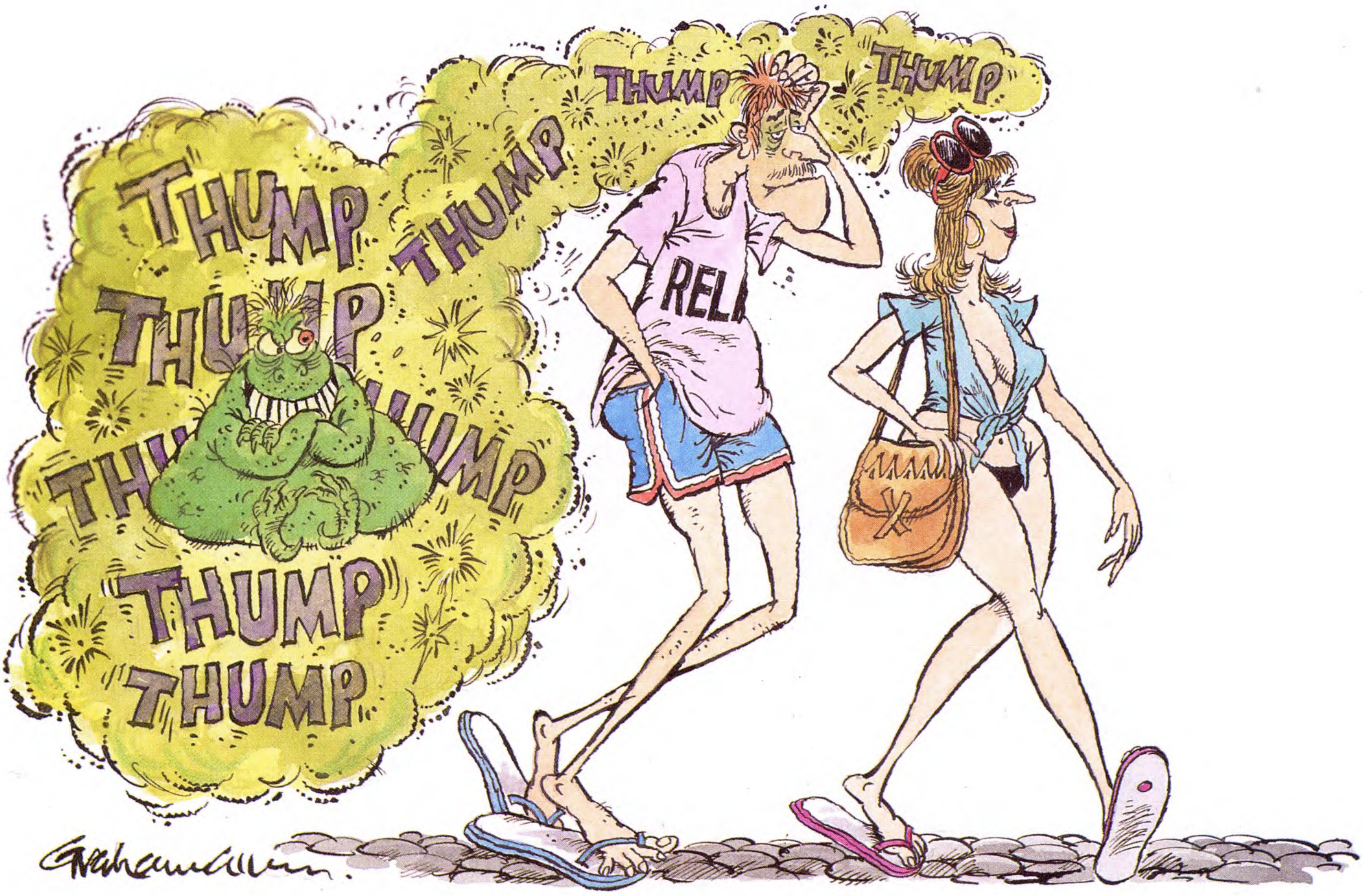
A tourist from Hong Kong was having some trouble in the London bank. He had just cashed a travellers' cheque, and had been given £138 sterling.
'But two weeks ago,' he protested to the counter clerk. 'I cashed a cheque for the same amount and got £150. Why's that?'
'Fluctuations,' replied the clerk.
'Fluck you Eulopeans too, I want my £150.'

A young man and his girlfriend had gone out for a ride in the car, and stopped by a remote field. They got out, and sat down, then started cuddling. Suddenly the young man broke off from a deep passionate kiss.
'Jane?' he said. 'Do you believe in the here after?-'
'I've never really given it much thought,' replied Jane. 'Why?'
'Cos if you're not here after what I'm here after, you'll be here after I've gone.'

A Methodist minister and a Rabbi met one day, and each invited the other to his place of worship. After the visits had taken place, the Rabbi commented on the enthusiasm of the minister, and asked what he had thought of the Jewish service.
'It was very interesting,' replied the minister. 'But there was one thing I didn't understand. Why did the congregation boo and hiss whenever Moses was mentioned?'
'Isn't it obvious?' said the Rabbi. 'As you know from the Bible, after walking in the wilderness, Moses decided to turn left, and where he stopped became the state of Israel.'
'So?'
'If he'd turned right,' continued the Rabbi vehemently, 'we would have had the oil, and the Arabs would have had the oranges.'

The lecherous Count of Swoboda
Would not pay a whore what he owed her.
So with great *savoir-faire*
She stood on a chair,
And pissed in his whisky and soda.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.



Very occasionally, Fate smiles and we're mistaken for someone famous, or taken for the world's greatest lover. These undeserved boosts to our ego can take any form, whether it be a stunning blonde or ladies' knickers falling from the heavens

There's no magic like those moments when the gods give us poor beggars a break...

True-life humour by Brian O'Hanlon

Every dog has his day. Each one of us remembers a certain occasion when his star shone bright; when he received an entirely unsolicited and spontaneous boost to his self-esteem completely undeserved, at a time when his immediate company could not fail to notice and be impressed.

Mine was in Luz Bay, a holiday village at the western end of the Algarve. I had gone there to recuperate following an abundance of hospitality after my arrival in Portugal's sunny south. There were three of us: me, my dearly beloved, and my hangover. I trod gingerly down the cobbled, narrow street in my flip-flops feeling absolutely ghastly, having tasted nothing more satisfying than *gaz natural* since breakfast that morning.

The *Oxford Bar* hove in view. I ignored it. How *could* people think of drink in the middle of the day, I said testily to Annie as she paused inquiringly on the doorstep.

Just then a man emerged, smiled at me, and said, 'Hello! Aren't you THE Brian O'Hanlon? I recognized your face from your O'Hanlon's Nightbeat column in the old *Men Only*. Come on in and have a drink.'

Drinks were on the house. Annie sat mute on her barstool, lost for words, as I said yes, I would sign the visitors' book under Michael Caine and Liza Goddard.

Such a moment never happened before, and I doubt it will again. Brian O'Who?

My former flatmate was seated next to a high-flying Scot in the first class section of a transatlantic flight home. His companion was clearly a man who evaluated everybody he met on their attainment and importance in the socio-economic structure of society, and turned out to be the chief executive of a multi-national corporation.

Over club-sized gins the hard-headed Scot was assessing his neighbour's exact place in the firmament of success when a stunning Nordic blonde hip-swayed into the sharp end of the Jumbo from the tourist section, approached my pal from behind, entwined her arms around his neck, and crooned, 'Dave, how are they looking after you up front?' The undertone was definitely that she looked after him in other ways. Some more affectionate hugs, and she returned to the back.

The Scot's mouth hung agape. *Here* was a man of worth, sitting right next to him. But who was she? 'Oh,' said Dave, 'just an old friend,' and immediately changed the subject. But the atmosphere said quite clearly that gentlemen travel first class but their ladies travel with the luggage.

She was, in fact, a friend of a friend from

London, nothing more. And by treating the incident as an everyday occurrence, Dave had made his travelling companion not only rush to the opposite, and more obvious, conclusion, but place him right up there with the stars.

Once, when *Mayfair* used to sponsor a racing car, editor Ken Bound was wearing a Mayfair Racing Team jacket, and walked into a pub with two friends not unaffected by fame and success. The young barman pulled the pints, and said, 'Oh, yes. I've seen your car racing at Brands Hatch. You must be Ken Bound!'

Had that conversation gone on a second longer the impact would have been spoilt. And, had Ken followed up the golden opportunity to bask in corporate glory, rather than simply agreeing, the magic would have been destroyed for ever. The truth is that the barman knew the editor of Mayfair had grey hair and a beard, and looked a lot older then the rest of the racing team . . .

It was like a friend of his who employed, at one time, a really good-looking German *au pair*. She always called him Uncle Tommy, which was acceptable to all parties concerned in his home. After six months the *au pair* left, saying she wanted to stay on in England but find other work.

About a year after they parted company on the very best of terms, Tommy was in a rather smart West End club with a business colleague when he saw his former *au pair*, still as stunningly beautiful as ever, sitting with an equally handsome hunk of male of her own age group.

She spotted Tommy immediately, left Mr Beefcake sitting there by himself with, as they say, egg on his face, walked up to this grey-haired, middle aged man, and gave him the most resounding smack on the lips for all to behold.

Tommy's colleague was visibly impressed, and asked her how they knew each other.

'Oh,' she said. 'We lived together for six months!'

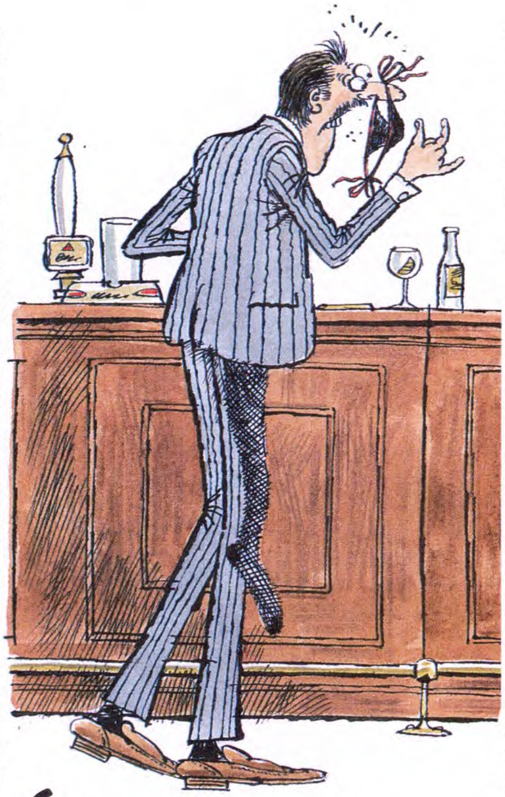
Uncle Tommy did not bother to correct her idiomatic English.

Gorgeous girls are the mainstay of a man's ego, and fill many of his moments of glory. One rather dishy brunette had moved to London from her home in the country, bringing to her Kensington basement bedsit some plants from her father's acres. In the *Hansom Cab* she met Simon. A keen connoisseur of female beauty when he wasn't about to fail his bar finals again, Simon, sensing that the best avenue through which to gain her affections ran through a bed of primulas and tudor roses, promised her some cuttings which he duly brought in to the pub.

About a month later he was drinking in the Cab one busy Friday evening when the young brunette walked in, spotted him, and exclaimed, 'Simon, you are a big disappointment to me. You promised I would be rooted by now!'

There was the editor of another men's publication who went into his local in his Essex village for a drink with the boys after a particularly hectic Friday in the studio shooting models in a range of most erotic underwear.

After an hour's quaffing the editor sneezed, and automatically dived into his pocket for his handkerchief. He blew his nose with ceremonious gusto, finishing to shrieks of laughter and some applause. He stood uncomprehending for at least ten seconds, then followed his audience's eyeline to his hand. It was holding not a handkerchief, but a dinky black G-string piped with red, and there was a black fishnet stocking dangling down from his pocket.



'Standing in his local, he sneezed, reached into his pocket, and pulled out not a handkerchief but a dinky black G-string trimmed with red.'

In vain did he endeavour to explain the true story which was that the undies had to be returned to the theatrical shop first thing on Monday morning; that he would be delivering them on his way into work; and that an over zealous cleaning lady had 'done' the magazine's studio when everyone was over the road for a lunch break, removing all paper bags and anything else in which he could put the exotic garments, so that in the end he had simply stuffed them into his pocket, anxious to be on his way.

Magic moments? Magic for some! It can of course work in reverse.

An old schoolfriend of mine applied for a managerial position in a firm of City brokers. He sat in the outer office listening in dismay to the gruff tones of the senior partner putting candidates through a stiff *viva voce*, and when his turn came went in without a trace of hope.

To his utter amazement, the senior partner looked up, and his face relaxed. His attitude became pleasant, almost fatherly, and my friend secured the post.

As the weeks and months went by he got on famously with the head of the firm and the other partners, but found a distinct coolness from other departmental chiefs. By the time he had been there almost six months he decided to take the bull by the horns with Smith, who was the marine under-manager.

'Look,' he said, accosting him in their Cannon Street pub. 'What the hell have I done? Please tell me why I am cold-shouldered, treated as a leper, and generally made to feel a good deal somewhat less than welcome?'

Smith put down his half-pint dimple of bitter, and sighed. 'All right. You've asked the question. You are, I suppose, entitled to an equally frank answer.

'It's your old school tie. The blue and silver

'A secret toper,' the huge lady bellowed at an astonished Brogden, 'and you have applied for the post of Bishop's secretary.'

“*The angry teddy boy stormed into the coffee bar, squared up to my pal Thomas Steele, and asked ‘Who do you think you are, Cliff Richard?’*”

of Harrow. The partner who hired you went there, and so did every other partner but one. None of us can compete with that sort of ‘in’, as well you know. We may have to put up with it for the sake of our careers, but that does not mean we have to like it.’

‘*But*,’ expostulated my friend when he had gathered in his reeling senses, ‘I was never at Harrow. I'm an Old *Barkonian*, and the tie to which you are referring is *my* old boys tie of Barkworth College.’

‘Oh, yes?’ said the other man, snorting and banging down his empty glass, ‘. . . and *I* went to Hounslow Comprehensive. You're a typical Harrovian. Too superior to speak to the rest of us . . .’

John, a neighbour of mine, went into the travel business about two years ago. Last November he decided it would be a good thing to plough a little of his hard-earned profit back into his own pleasure by attending the British Travel Agents conference in Toronto. Let me, for the sake of avoiding embarrassment, call him John Snow.

John turned up at Heathrow's Terminal 3 with case and briefcase, and went to the check-in desk. ‘Oh, Mr *Snow*!’ exclaimed the attractive Canadian blonde behind it, ‘You have been upgraded. Would you collect your boarding card, and check in at our first class desk, please!’

Walking on air, John did just that. ‘Would you go upstairs to our special VIP hospitality lounge, sir?’ said the girl behind the first class counter. Boarding the aircraft, he was immediately greeted, by name, by the purser, and a large glass of fizz was thrust in his hand as two stewardesses fussed over him, making sure he had his in-flight slippers and earphones, and adjusting the foot-rest of his dentist-type armchair.

He slept like a babe all the way over the Atlantic to Toronto, being awakened by a waft of Chanel, and a most attractive face cooing, ‘How do you like your steak done, Mr Snow, or would you prefer your eggs poached, scrambled, or sunny side up, for breakfast?’

At Toronto airport he was glad-handed at the foot of the steps, and whisked through customs and immigration into a cricket pitch length Cadillac with black windows and a cocktail bar. Just as it was about to purr away, the door opened on the other side, and John saw two exquisite female legs, encased in tan nylon with seams running lubriciously all the way up, ease themselves down and into the limmo. They were followed by the rest of the superstructure which was of an equally sensual standard, crowned by a round, intelligent face with blue, direct eyes, and expensively coiffeured corn-coloured hair.

‘Mister *Snow*! Claudine Duhamel. I am your specially-assigned secretary/aid for your stay in Toronto. Anything I can do,’ she paused to let the significance of the words sink in, ‘you only have to ask . . .’

On the way downtown she talked intelligently about his schedule, and gave him a list of people she thought he should meet, allowing him two hours off for lunch during the next three days, after which he would decide whether he wished to follow the end of the conference with a trip to the Banff Springs Hotel, taking the train through the Rockies to Vancouver, and flying home over the polar route from there.

His room at the Prince Edward had been upgraded to a suite, he found when he checked in, and it was with compliments of the management.

John sat on his bed, after the drove of porters and maids had said their fluttering farewells, gently closing the door behind them, and came back to earth with a nasty bump. The thought which had been niggling for attention ever since his upgrading to first class back in London now demanded a hearing.

Who was he supposed to be, other than the little high street travel agent?

He didn't have to wait long to find out. The phone rang. ‘Hello,’ said an English voice. ‘You must be wondering just what has been going on ever since you left London yesterday? It sounds too Noel Coward to be true, old chap, but we both have the same name, and they've got us cocked up right from the start.’

‘Oh, Lord,’ said John Snow II. ‘I sort of guessed it all along. I enjoyed the attention, but frankly I am glad it's over. But where do we go from here?’

‘No trouble at all,’ replied the managing director of one of Britain's top five tour operators, whose eminence and perks he had unwittingly taken. ‘We will leave things exactly as they are with one addition, which is that I shall see to it *I* receive the same advantages, too. After all, they can hardly refuse *me*!’

John Snow, the tiny travel agent, chuckled, and when he had replaced the receiver picked it up again. ‘Er, Claudine? Yes, there *is* something you can do for me. Got a few hours? Oh, good . . .’

Some magic moments are entirely due to misunderstood conversations. I once owned a mare in the country, and was having a conversation with a horsey friend in an Earl's Court pub. ‘Oh, yes,’ I said, ‘I go and see her three mornings a week at least, and give her a bloody good ride . . .’ There was silence as 50 pairs of eyes regarded me.

Down in the country I was drinking with my idiot half brother, Vivian St Claire Brogden. After an hour or so of loud conversation and much quaffing of large ports, a huge lady in tweeds came up to us, and angrily shook a ham-like female fist under Brogden's nose. ‘How dare you! A secret toper, and you have applied for the post of the *Bishop's secretary*!’ To this day he doesn't know who the lady mistook him for.

Back in the ’50s, a friend of mine was chatting up a girl in our local coffee bar. Tom had just burst into his rendition of *Love Me Tender* when her old boyfriend stormed in.

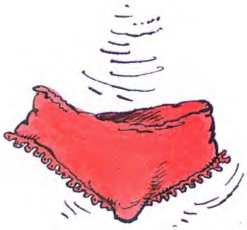
‘Hey,’ shouted the angry teddy boy as he square up to my friend. ‘Who do you think you are – Cliff Richard?’

Tom smiled coolly, and got out his driving licence. With a flourish, he flashed it at the furious boyfriend.

It read ‘Thomas Steele’, and gave an east London address.

‘Oh, sorry, Tommy,’ said the ted, backing away. ‘I've got all your records . . .’

“*Father Michael saw the red briefs fall on my head, and said, ‘I see the Lord is bestowing his benefits again, even at your age.’*”



Tom, who'd never been near a microphone in his life, made quite a few girls, and a lot of enemies in the 50s.

A friend of mine, Mike, owes his marital happiness and good fortune to the now defunct Blue Angels cricket club, which I ran in the '60s and '70s. One evening at Purley one of my much married members I shall call George was furiously chatting up this beautiful blonde in a short tennis dress. His wife walked into the bar, and knowing George of old, began conducting her own inquiries by making an immediate inspection of the dressing rooms, the showers, and the tea room. On her way back to the pavilion from the groundsman's shed she saw them out on the back verandah. She roared in, like an angry hornet, and broke up what was developing into a lovely friendship, whereupon George said, 'Grace, don't make such a fuss. This lovely lady, whose name I do not know, is with Mike, and has come out for a breath of fresh air.'

Smoothly, he took Sue by the elbow and escorted her back to the 'boyfriend' she had never met. As Mike remarked later: 'You keep quiet if it is suggested you've scored more than you have.' Six months later they were married. Mike and Sue that is.

When Ireland beat England at Twickenham in '82 I was celebrating with fellow members of the London Irish Rugby Club in the *Hansom Cab* in the Earl's Court Road, nowadays a regular rugger buggers hangout. As the evening wore on one of my club's junior XVs climbed up with a female into the hansom cab chained to the ceiling. Everyone was becoming so pie-eyed that no-one noticed, not even Brendan, the landlord, who was also celebrating Ireland's victory.

About 11 o'clock the raw red face of Father Michael pushed through the singing throng to the bar, and we started speaking, directly under the hansom cab above. It was traditional for the national anthem to be sung at closing time, and as the assembled company gave full accord to send her vic-tor-ee-us, a pair of ladies red briefs fell on my head.

There was instant uproar which soon ebbed as people realized Father Michael was standing facing me with a set face. Finally he spoke, when a complete hush had fallen. 'I see,' he said, 'that the good Lord is bestowing his benefits again ... even at *your* age, O'Hanlon!' I accepted the lop sided compliment, and for the first time in my life felt like tipping the cabbie!

A magic moment which happened before I was born, and one where I would have liked to have been present, occurred when a guest arrived late for a private dinner party at Buckingham Palace. Worse, the poor man had no time to change into white tie and tails. He explained his circumstances, which were no fault of his own, to George V, ending wretchedly with, 'Sir, I hope that yourself and the queen, and your guests don't mind ...'

The King smiled and replied, 'Those who mind don't matter, and those who matter don't mind!'

Probably quite undeservered, he was quite likely *always* late, but what a magic moment bestowed by his monarch ...

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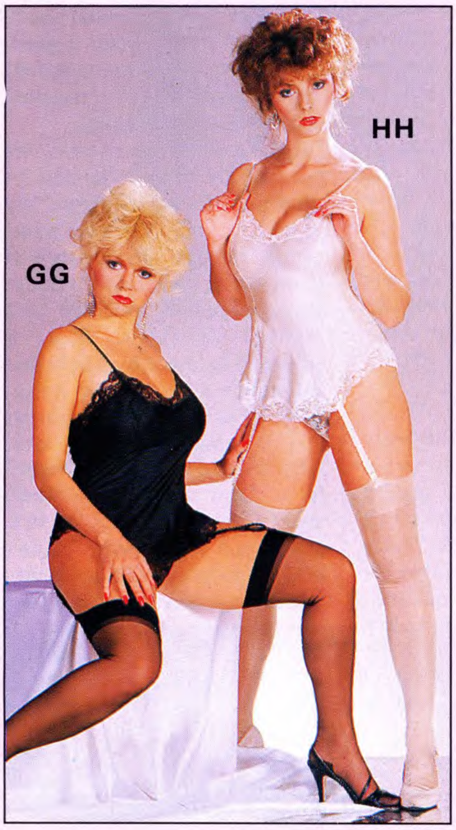

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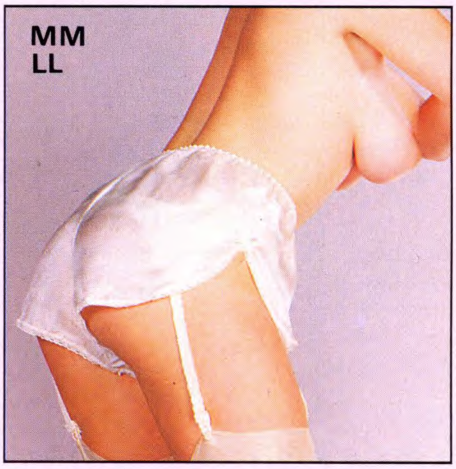

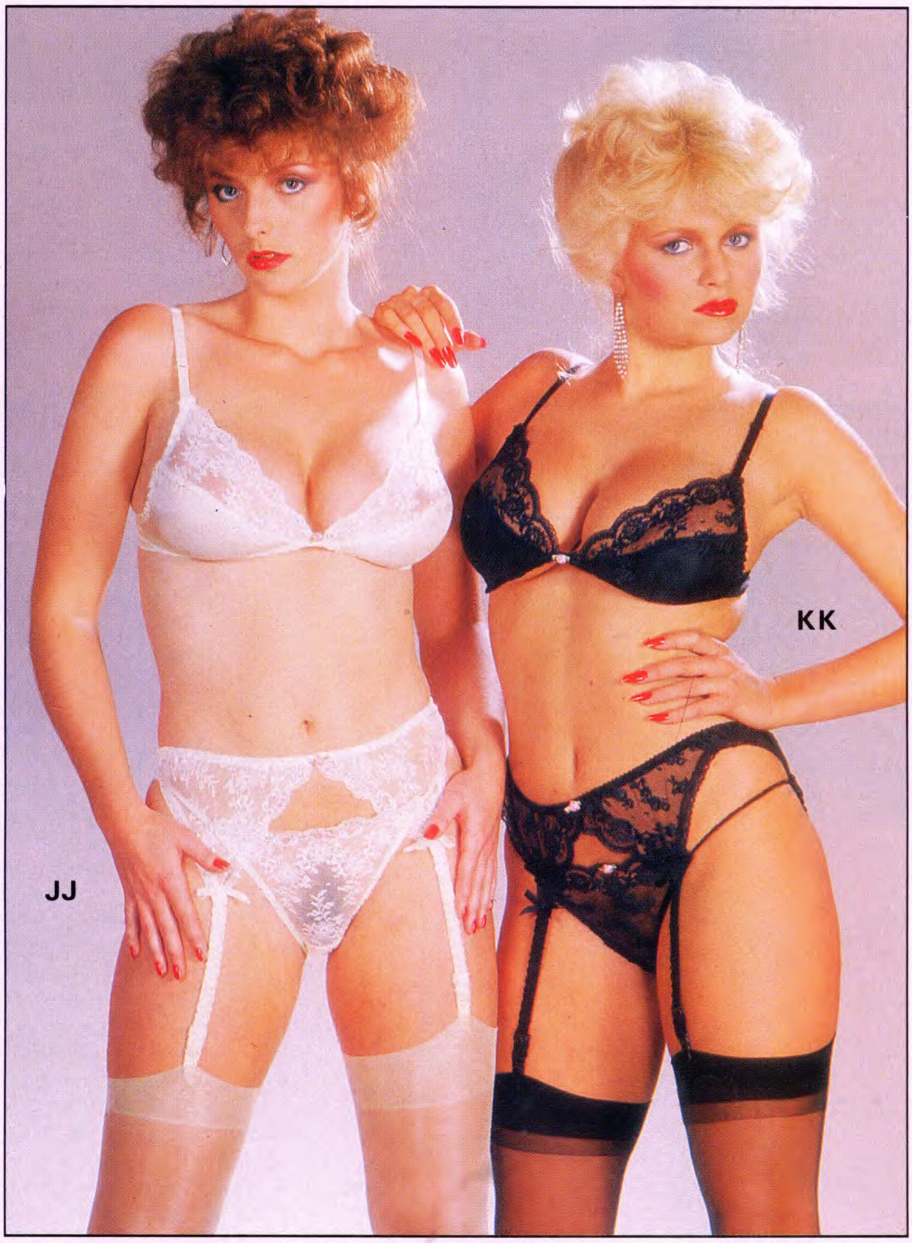

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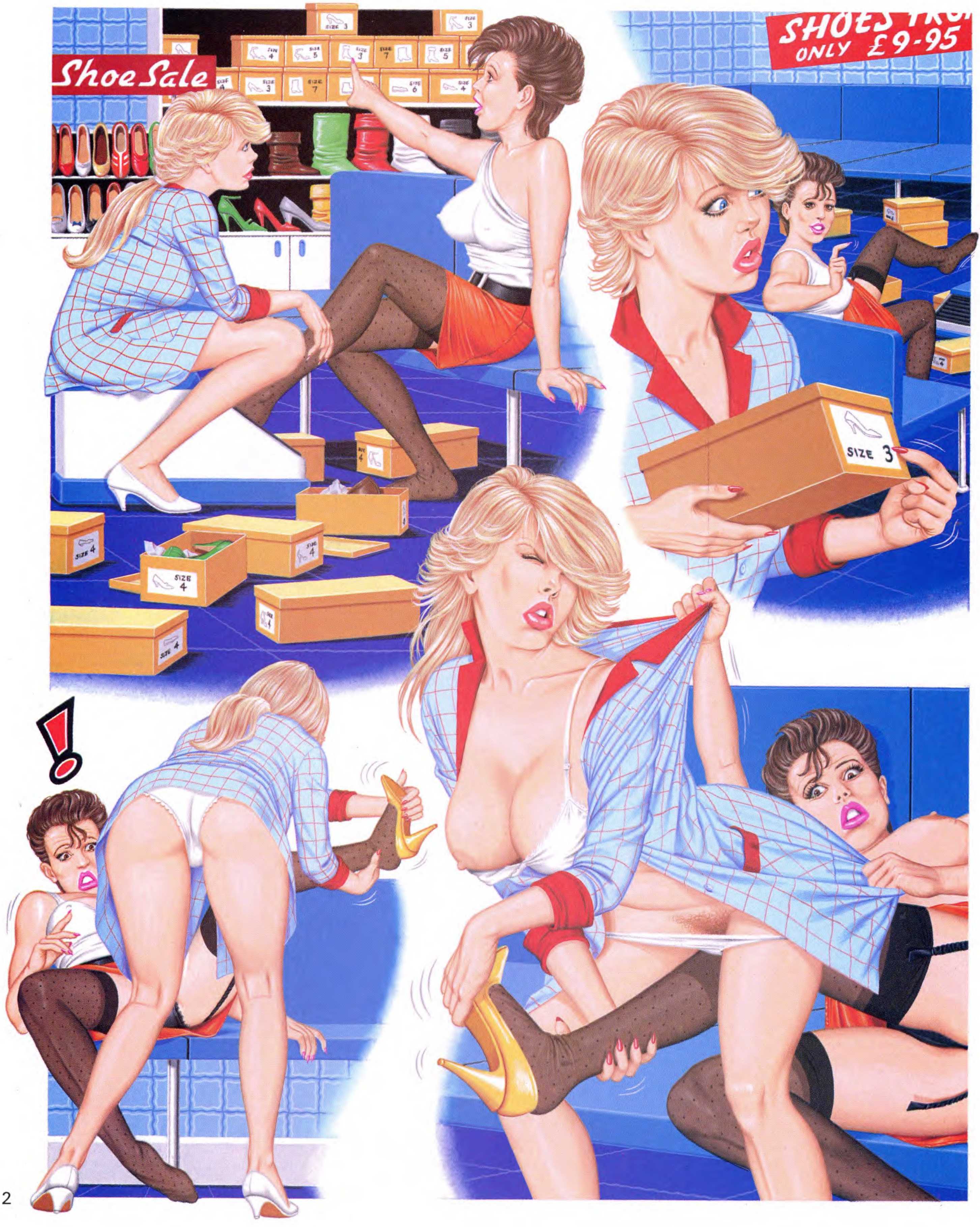
Our Carrie puts her foot in it and gets the boot, poor sole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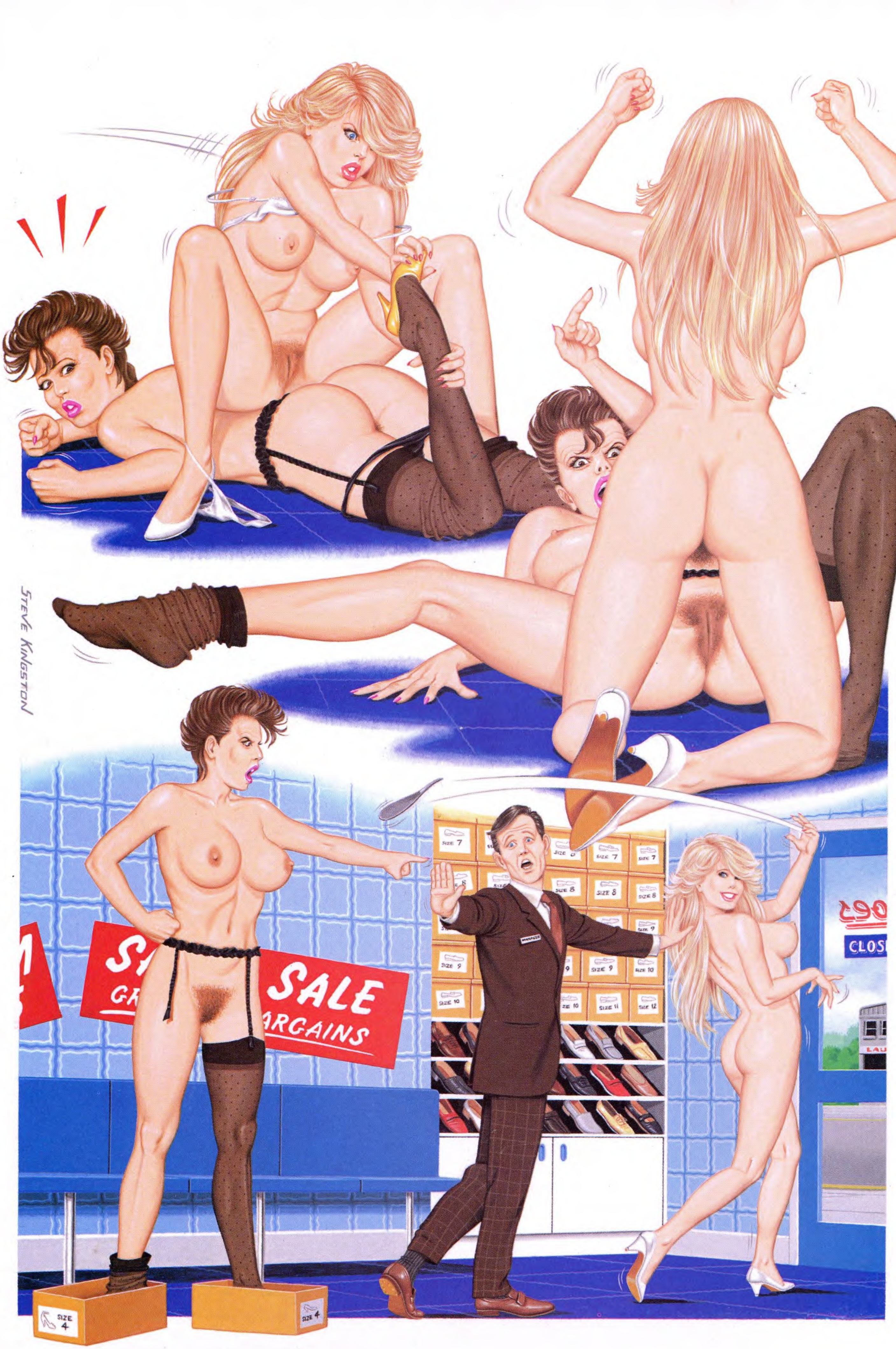
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